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CHRONICLE.

ON Friday of last week the House of Lords in Parliament passed through all its stages the Railways (Ireland) Bill, a measure which, though it had been introduced by Mr. BALFOUR with the approval, if not at the sole request, of the Irish members, had been the object of that Irish obstruction which prolonged Thursday night's sitting into Friday morning. When the House of Commons met again, later in the day, to go on with the Appropriation Bill, there was first the inevitable string of questions, and then the almost equally inevitable lament over the mismanagement by the Treasury Bench of the business of Supply. On this occasion it fell to Mr. JENNINGS to repeat all the charges commonly brought against Ministers as the Session draws to a close. The member for Stockport played his well-known part of candid friend with his accustomed spirit. He declared that all Treasury Benches, of both parties, are the natural enemies of the patriotic private member, who, for his part, is your only true economist of the time of the House and the money of the nation. These sentiments earned the applauding "Hear, hear" of Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL and the patronage of Mr. LABOUCHERE. It was natural that an Opposition which has the happiness to include five members who among them had made 732 speeches up to Friday night should applaud a Unionist member who rose to fix the responsibility of waste of time on the Ministry. When Mr. JENNINGS had ceased from adding to the waste he deplored, various members called attention to various things—to the neglect of our Indian Empire, the opium trade, and other equally new subjects. Mr. STAVELEY HILL's remarks on the unhappy deadlock in the Behring Seal Fishery negotiations were at least the words of a man who knew what he was talking about; and Mr. CHANNING's remarks on the Armenian question drew from Sir JAMES FERGUSON one of those answers of his which would have secured the entire approval of the typical diplomatist of the old stamp. At last the Bill was read a second time—Mr. COURTNEY doing the SPEAKER's formal duties in order to save him from a summons to the House.

On Saturday the House of Commons met to read the Appropriation Bill for the third time, and did so, after Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL had been crushed in an attempt to deliver a hundred-and-sixty-ninth speech on a personal question. His grievance was that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL had the other day "exempted him from the category of fools." The SPEAKER did not think this exemption amounted to a grievance, and, after Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL had first been snubbed and then summarily silenced in further attempts to speak, the Appropriation Bill was passed through Committee.

On Monday a handful of members met to witness the formal winding up of the Session. Mr. JACKSON, speaking for the Leader of the House, announced that in the coming Session "HER MAJESTY'S Government will propose a 'shortened Address in answer to HER MAJESTY's gracious 'Speech from the Throne.'" The change is known to have been recommended by the Front Opposition Bench, and it is rather fondly hoped that it will lead to a shortening of debate. Mr. SEXTON and Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL were true to themselves to the last. Mr. SEXTON warned the IRISH SECRETARY that he would be responsible for all the consequences of the unhappily spreading potato blight if something was not done. Whether the something was to keep the blight off the potatoes or make good the loss of crops to the farmer at the public expense did not appear. He also inquired whether some relief could not be afforded to Mr. GILL, a patriot sent to languish in prison for fourteen days with hard labour and ordered to give security for his good

behaviour. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL had a last fling. He asked four questions which artfully concealed half a score, ranging from the Swazilander's prospect of becoming a judge to the right of public servants to take Directorships. At last the Appropriation Bill was read for the third time, and at 5.30 the Commons were summoned to hear themselves prorogued. The greater part of the Speech from the Throne was occupied with a recapitulation of the conventions entered into, or about to be entered into, with Germany, France, and Portugal, for the purpose of marking out the boundaries of the respective possessions and reserves allotted to these Powers and HER MAJESTY by common agreement. Then the still pending negotiations with France as to the Newfoundland, and with the United States as to the Behring Sea Fisheries, the Convention as to Swaziland, the Slave Trade Conference, and the establishment of Western Australia as a self-governing colony, were noticed. A very few words sufficed for the meagre legislative work of the last seven months—and so ended a very barren Session, which has coincided with not a little fruitful administrative work in the management of foreign affairs.

Speeches and Even modern voracity in talking and hearing Letters on has not gone the length of causing a political Politics. speech to be delivered so soon after the blessed relief of Monday. Of political letters, too, there has been a suspension. Sir W. HARcourt and Mr. HERRIES continue to argue over the exact value of the Acts of 1783, which prepared the way for the recognition of the independence of the United States, considered as precedents for the Heligoland Act of this Session. Sir EDWARD REED has written a long letter to the *Times* of Wednesday—suggested by the Cardiff strike—on employers, Unions, agitators, the future, the nature of things, and Sir EDWARD REED.

The most conspicuous event in foreign politics which has taken place in the week has been the second visit of the German EMPEROR to Russia. He landed at Revel on Sunday, and has since been engaged in those reviews and public ceremonies of various kinds which are all the world knows about his doings.

—The Greek Ecumenical Patriarch, Mgr. DIONYSIUS, persists in resigning his throne because the granting of berats to the Bulgarian Bishops is contrary to the concessions made to the "orthodox" by "glorious Sultans," and in particular by the "wise and statesmanlike MAHOMET II., 'the Conqueror.'"—The fourth anniversary of the accession of Prince FERDINAND of Bulgaria has been celebrated at Widdin.—On Saturday the French solemnly unveiled a statue, erected at Abbeville, to the late Admiral COURBET—concerning whom it is now generally acknowledged that not only would he have been victorious at sea in a great naval war, but that he had in him the makings of a saviour of France. Yet, after all, Kiel, Spezzia, and Portsmouth are not Chinese ports.—There have been further reports of the murder of Christians by Turks in Crete, and of troubles among the Armenians. The stories of Turkish atrocities in Armenia are generally found, when examined, to resolve themselves into reports that the houses of Christians have been searched for arms, or that patriotic crowds have been provoked beyond endurance by orders from the police to move on. What remains, when the reports are discounted, are stories of disorder such as has never ceased in the neighbourhood of the Kurds.—While the Argentine Republic is simmering after the late outbreak at Buenos Ayres, either on its way to peace or only as preparation for renewed fighting, Monte Video is reported to be getting ready to follow the example of the city on the south side of the River Plate. The Uruguayans also have a civilian President, HERRERA, who is reported to be a politician of

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much the same stamp as Dr. CELMAN. Uruguayan finances are, consequently, in disorder, the National Bank has been sacked by the depositors, and the soldiers are said to be only waiting to fix on Señor HERRERA's successor before pronouncing. The civilian population are said in the meantime to have come to the conclusion that the old plan of electing a military President by *pronunciamiento* was the better one.—M. CARNOT has made another official progress; this time, to open a new harbour at La Rochelle.—At the very end of the week the terms of the Convention with Portugal have at length been made known in their main outlines. This treaty, which, it is to be hoped, will at last give us a map of Africa which may be considered definitive for a year or two, recognizes Portugal's right to extend considerably at the back of the West Coast of Africa, and in the east and centre takes nothing from her which she effectively possesses. But it puts a stop to such pretensions as those advanced by Major SERPA-PINTO. The superiority of England in the Shirè Highlands and Nyassaland is fully recognized, and complete freedom of navigation is secured on the Zambesi.

On Saturday was published a Blue Book State Papers, giving the correspondence between Her Majesty's Government and that of the United States of

America from 1886 down to this summer on the vexed question of the Behring Sea Seal Fishery. The despatches published show that Mr. BLAINE has from the first endeavoured to confuse the issues by combining two such different matters as the method adopted by the Canadian fishers, which he maintains to be *contra bonos mores*, and the right of the United States to exercise sovereign rights in Behring Sea beyond the limit of their territorial waters on the coast of Alaska. He also endeavours to argue that as the Canadians did not claim the right to fish till comparatively recently, they must be held to have tacitly conceded the claims of Russia now revived by the States. The Marquess of SALISBURY answers that Her Majesty's Government is quite prepared to join in a regulation of the Fishery, but cannot acknowledge either that the only method of regulating it is by surrender to the United States, or that the alleged inhumanity or wastefulness of the British Columbians could confer sovereign rights on the Americans, or that the absence of Canadians or British Columbians from Behring Sea, easily explained by known historical facts, can be held to be a recognition of the American claims. Tuesday's *Gazette* contained a very elaborate Order in Council, dated August 15 last, dealing with the Upper Division of the Civil Service. It embodies the result of the inquiries made by Sir MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY's Royal Commission, and is full of regulations for examinations, promotion, pay, sick leave, and rank.

The Strike in South Wales. The strike in South Wales has, as is usual in South Wales, left little quarrelling behind it. The most harmless of these is the dispute between Sir EDWARD REED and the *Times*. Sir EDWARD's delicate literary feeling for the niceties of form was offended because he was accused of holding up the grim head of democracy to terrify the Cardiff capitalist. He said the grim visage, which is, of course, quite another thing. Sir EDWARD REED also says he is proud of himself, which we can well believe. A much more serious kind of dispute is that between the signalmen, who find the arrangement made a fortnight ago not so much to their advantage as they had hoped. According to Mr. INSKIR, it bound them to do a minimum seventy-two hours a week. Their view is that they should only do sixty-five days of twelve hours each—and be paid for all beyond as overtime. It has been decided to go on for a month and work out a new arrangement, on the understanding that all done this month, over and above what will be done in future, is to be made good to the men.—Another strike at the Tilbury Dock was forced on last Tuesday by the "Labour Representatives"—to the regret, it is said, of many of the men—because the Dock officials would not consent to exclude two non-Union men. For the rest, strikes in progress or strikes threatened are reported all over the British world from Dublin to Melbourne.

Sport. Last Saturday the match between the Universities Past and Present and the Australians, at Portsmouth, ended in a draw in favour of the colonists. The Cheltenham Week and numerous county matches have given us plenty of cricket. The Australians have been defeated for the second time this season by

Notts.—On Sunday the American "back-swimmer," DAVIS DALTON, proved that he had not overrated his strength and endurance by swimming from Boulogne to Folkestone, where he arrived in a fainting condition, if his feat was indeed performed as reported, which, we observe, is denied. The denial is itself denied—the beginning, perhaps, of a sporting quarrel.—On Friday of last week the Royal Victoria Yacht Club started a discussion among yachtsmen by ordering the race for the Commodore's Prize, given by the Marquess of EXETER, to be sailed in a gale of wind. The *Lethe* was the winner among the three which alone took part in the contest, and there seems to be a very general agreement among yachtsmen that racers are not meant to go to sea in gales of wind.—The National Regatta for professional oarsmen, which has been largely promoted by the PRINCE OF WALES, began on Monday at Putney with more success than had been expected, and was continued through the rain of Tuesday. The performances of the professional oarsmen, and of one at least of the apprentices, JOSEPH GIBSON, appear to justify the hope that professional rowing in England, having got to its worst, is now promising to amend.—The most remarkable racing event of the week has been the defeat of Mr. LOWTHÉ'S Cleator on Tuesday in the race for the Wynyard Plate at Stockton.

The Naval Manœuvres. The return of Sir GEORGE TRYON to port on Monday, at the end of the ten days fixed as the limit of time for operations, brought the Naval Manœuvres to an end before most people were aware they had begun. Sir M. CULME-SEYMOUR, who commanded the "hostile" fleet, having the right to go along a strip of sea stretching to the Azores, and twenty-four hours' start, went away, and stayed away. As the sea is large, as ships leave no trace, as a fleet below the horizon line is completely hidden, as the time was short, he had no difficulty in escaping being spied in this naval game of hide-and-seek. Both squadrons have had a pleasant and, we hope, an improving cruise. The torpedo-boats have dashed about in the Channel with that briskness which comes of a knowledge that there were no shot in the cannon; but, on the whole, there has been much less theatrical show than on former occasions.

The Lewes Assizes. Of this year should be famous in history. They have not a little extended the general knowledge of what remarkable lives are led and strange things done by what curious people. After the case of KNOWLES v. DUNCAN has come the case of PICKETT v. LYON. It was a case brought by a milliner to recover a lady's debt from her husband, he having previously endeavoured to recover the debt from another gentleman, the lady being his witness in both cases. The lady is respondent in a still pending divorce suit.—The publication of Dr. PETERS's narrative of his travels in Africa, during which he had the misfortune to be compelled to distribute an amazing quantity of cartridges on obstinate Africans who did not like to part with their cattle, may be classed as miscellaneous.—Cardinal NEWMAN was buried at the Oratory, Edgbaston, on Tuesday.—A slight alarm has been created in London by an apparently ill-founded story of a case of Asiatic cholera in the Docks. The illness has not been fatal. Reports from abroad show that the cholera still exists in some of the least healthy countries round the Mediterranean.—The Maharajah DULEEP SINGH has expressed due repentance for his follies, and announced that he is no longer the sworn enemy of England.

Last Saturday. There died near Carlisle one of Obituary. the very small band of survivors of the navy of NELSON's time. Commander JOSEPH IRWIN had entered the navy in 1806, and had been thanked on the quarter-deck for good service done in the Peninsular War.—At the beginning of the week Lord Justice NAISMITH, who, having been Lord Chancellor of Ireland in 1885, and again in Mr. GLADSTONE's brief administration of the following year, had been made Lord Justice of Appeal in Ireland, died at Ems.—MR. CHARLES GIBRON, who died this week, was a novelist of talent and popularity.

The termination of the visit of the Daly company to London. The most noteworthy artistic event of the week.—In the publishing trade the tide is at the lowest point of ebb.

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THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

THE interest of a Queen's Speech which turns almost wholly upon foreign policy is a novel one, though we at least should have no objection if it were oftener presented to Englishmen. It would be difficult, however, often to get together such a collection of matters of first-rate, or all but first-rate importance, as that which the Speech of last Monday presented with its usual demureness, and without its frequent faults of style, to My Lords and Gentlemen. Some of the matters referred to were unfortunately still inchoate, or at least in unfinished stages. The agreement with Portugal, though once or twice confidently announced as having been signed, is merely spoken of as under discussion. The signature and details have since been announced from Lisbon; but there has been no official announcement in England. It would appear that Portugal has been very generously treated; but, except as regards the Amatonga district, as to which we reserve comment, the gain to England is considerable. The announcement that arbitration has been offered to the United States in the matter of the Behring Sea difficulties is not wholly satisfactory, for arbitrations have a remarkable habit of going against England. And though Englishmen as such are little affected by the preposterous claim of the United States (a claim which, as the recently-published Blue-book shows, is disallowed out of the very claimants' mouth, and amounts to the contention that a man can have a better title than he himself allowed to the person from whom he received it), the Canadians will be very angry if it is given against them, and not unjustly so. It may, however, be admitted that the question is different when Great Britain asserts a right to something which somebody else says is his, and when somebody else claims something which Great Britain says is hers. In the latter case arbitration should never be accepted for a moment; in the former it perhaps may, though we like it not even then. The fact is that arbitration is at best a foolish thing. By resorting to it two nations show that one does not care, or that both do not care, enough about the matter to fight. It is, therefore, not wholly unreasonable for the arbitrator to give it to the one that does care, or that evidently cares most. In another matter referred to in the Speech, and also unfinished, we fear, rather than hope, that arbitration is out of the question. The French claims in Newfoundland, however they may have been strained, are in substance and foundation undoubted, and the most favourable award would leave the germs of future trouble. It is only a question of what, if anything, France will take to relinquish them, and no arbitrator can settle that.

There remain the two completed and most considerable agreements with France and with Germany. The result of these is stated in the Speech with that absence of any attempt at adoration which used to be admired, but which seems now to be thought to imply an absence of merit or of confidence in it, or of both. Very respectable Gladstonians, almost in the same breath with which they reproachfully complain of the bad habit which anti-Gladstonians have of treating them as if they lacked reason or honesty, are found still to say that the agreement with France gives a great deal for a very little. The fact is that it gives little or nothing at all, and that what it secures to England is of the highest importance. Just as it was the fashion some weeks ago to talk as if the British flag were actually floating over vast tracts of Africa which were to be henceforward ceded to Germany, so more recently there has been a tendency to talk as if the Sahara between the line from Say to Lake Tchad, and those districts bordering on Algeria which were explored by the Flatters expedition, and others not much luckier or more productive, were English soil, which it were foul scorn that France or Germany or any prince of Europe should take to be his. In the same way the recognition of French control over the foreign relations of the Hovas, with express reservation of all pre-existing rights of British subjects in dealing with the souls or the goods of men, is spoken of as if it were a handing over of Ceylon or Jamaica to France. The truth is, that in this particular convention England has "given" absolutely nothing, and has provided, or will have provided, when the matter is fully carried out, against not only very possible, but very probable awkwardnesses. Probably not one in a hundred of the unfavourable critics of this Anglo-French Convention has the slightest idea of the wide advances which French expeditions, not merely travellers with "missions," but fully organized military expeditions, have made in this

direction. They have, however, probably heard that the Laureate once wrote a poem on Timbuctoo, and perhaps they think that this fact establishes the other fact of a gross abandonment on Lord SALISBURY's part. It is rather a pity that they do not know a little more; for, as the delimitation is not yet concluded, criticism is by no means out of place by those who do know. We say by those who do know, and among them we are afraid that, if the reports were true (which, it seems, they are not), we could hardly have included Mr. STANLEY. Had he really comforted French interviewers by telling them that they have got the best of the bargain, it might have been merely answered, "Because you have been to the Nile and the Congo, it does not follow that you are an authority on the Niger." But his reputed words appear to have been vain breath of an interviewer who never interviewed. Nor should the French conclude that, because the Western Sahara has been resigned to them, as far as claims from us go, this amounts to an approval by England of the plans which certain of them, at any rate, avow as to Morocco. Both England and Spain have very strong reasons for objecting to any extension of Algeria westward of its present limits, and the recent Convention was in no way designed to further any such extension. It is also completely unknown as yet what boundary will be set by the Commission to the British and French spheres between Say and the Guinea Coast, a matter which the recent not too intelligible imbroglio between the French and the King of DAHOMEY makes of some interest. All these things can, and no doubt will, be settled amicably; but they all deserve settlement. It is distinctly desirable that not a rood of Africa should be left unassigned either to one or other of the civilized nations which have "claims," or, at any rate, to some semi-civilized authority of substance.

The less recent, but even more important, Anglo-German agreement has been completed by the delivery of Heligoland, and is beginning to be taken at home as a thing accomplished; but it still excites considerable interest in Africa itself. The Cape Parliament, it has been for some time known by telegraph, is not happy over it. The mails have now brought the full text of some of the speeches delivered at Cape Town. We have pointed out already what are the respective obligations of the colonies and the mother-country in such matters, and we need not repeat it further than to say that the management of their interests under Mr. GLADSTONE's Government gave the Cape colonists a very considerable claim to sympathy. But the real importance of the agreement, and of all such agreements, is well put in the QUEEN'S SPEECH. They are even more valuable as avoiding causes of quarrel than as actually conferring acquisitions. They have not established any new doctrine, for that of *Hinterland* is merely a formulation of the barest and oldest common sense. Everybody has a right to the portion of ground which falls behind that which he has, provided he can get it and is not kicked out of it, as in the celebrated case of Mr. EASY's right to his share of the berth, provided also that nobody has claimed it before, and that nobody has established himself there while he, the *Vorderland* man, was sleeping, and provided that he does not, as on an occasion known to Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet, forget or neglect to answer polite inquiries whether he wants it or not, and also provided a good many other things. As was pointed out here long ago in reference to that Portuguese claim which the Germans rather cleverly translated, the doctrine of *Hinterland* would give France to Russia in right of Kamtschatka, and Kamtschatka to France in right of Brittany and Aquitaine. But what the agreement has done is to set the example—an example followed already, and to be followed, we trust, more—of looking ahead in these matters, and endeavouring to avoid unnecessary causes of quarrel. It will, indeed, always be possible to make a quarrel; no arrangement can prevent that, any more than any cunning device can stop obstruction in the House of Commons. But the kind of quarrel which is not deliberate, but arises from small encroachments and small misunderstandings piled on each other, may be made very much less likely by foresight.

COACHING ACCIDENTS.

THE accident to a coach in the Lake district, by which a lady and a little girl unhappily lost their lives and several passengers were injured, appears to have been a strange as well as a very lamentable disaster. Tourists, we

fear, will be inclined for the most part to class this accident among those unforeseen calamities, such as Alpine accidents, railway collisions, and the like, that recur every holiday season. They are too soon forgotten, and with them the lessons they bring. On the other hand, the distressful cases of newspaper correspondents who are overcharged by innkeepers, or sufferers from the brutal cupidity of railway and steamboat Companies, are set forth week after week in the papers with dreary minuteness. The dangers of holiday travelling, besides being generally unforeseen, are always remote. The discomforts, besides being always present, are more or less real, and real they will remain, be the march of improvement what it may. The unreasonable or querulous tourist will never cease from his habit of grievance. To write to the papers is the first—probably the only—fruit of his holiday excursion. The fatal coaching accident near the Kirkstone pass demands some share of the consideration shown to the wailings of oppressed railway passengers. There are points connected with it that require elucidation and are of the highest interest to the travelling public. In all the picturesque districts of this country and at most seaside resorts there has been in recent years a great increase in the number of coaches, brakes, and other accommodating vehicles, for the conveyance of sightseers. Many of these, the majority perhaps, are run or owned by hotel-keepers frequently under contract with railway companies. Some of these "coaches" are decidedly not such as inspire confidence in the few who make either vehicles or horses their study. They are usually made to look smart enough in the eyes of tourists in general, who are supremely indifferent about the subject and intent only upon enjoyment. A little fresh paint soon puts a new face on a rickety coach. The "breaking up" of the wheel of the coach on the road between Windermere and Ulleswater is a singular circumstance, if the well-deserved reputation of the Lake coaches is considered. These coaches are as well horsed, and in all ways as good in equipment, as any that carry the tourist through England and Wales. And yet, it seems, that on the level road beyond the Kirkstone Pass towards Patterdale the near hind-wheel went to pieces, and the coach slowly turned over, with fatal results to two passengers and severe injuries to others. The descent from the pass had been made in the usual way, without any warnings of insecurity; and the four horses were going at a walk when the coach overturned. The breaking of the wheel caused the accident; and it is this breaking of the wheel that is so extraordinary. At the coroner's inquest it was deposed that the coaches were examined twice or thrice a week. The coach that broke down was examined on the Thursday before the accident, and no fault was found with the wheel that gave way, except "a little softness in one part of the nave." Now, if a little softness in the nave of a wheel is not equivalent to absolute rottenness, it certainly implies a degree of unsoundness, which, if not itself dangerous, is not the less a defect. And the sequel shows that the wheel, compared with the other wheels, was defective. When it is admitted that the wheel was a little soft in the nave some days before the fatal journey, there is no need to look for other explanations of its breaking and the accident it caused. No other solution was offered at the inquest. And yet, in spite of this disquieting evidence the jury completely exonerated the proprietor of the coach from blame. The condition of the wheel, of course, may not have been reported to him. But if not, why not?

While this accident illustrates very forcibly the necessity of the most stringent supervision of tourists' coaches, another accident in the same district, reported the same day, reveals a new danger of the roads, not less alarming, though fortunately not so disastrous. The tearing away of the hind seat of the Ambleside coach, through collision with a telegraph pole, was a novel and painful experience for the five tourists who were thrown to the ground by the shock. It is wonderful, indeed, that they escaped as they did, with sprains and severe shaking. In this case the coach driver drew away to the roadside to avoid what is called a stone cast, which must be something almost as impregnable as a brewer's dray with a sleeping driver, respected by all on the road, even by the hansom cabmen. The writer in the *Times* who calls aloud for nice military roads, easy gradients, "zig-zags," and the like, does not recognize the security of our ancient ways, nor distinguish between perils of the high roads and perils of the by-ways. There are roads known to coaching tourists in Wales and North Somerset, where there is little chance of passing anything but the scenery. Some

of the Dartmoor "roads," where the adventurous coach now travels, are extremely tortuous and narrow. They are not engineered, it is true, but they are free from all risk of "visions of sudden death," such as varied DU QUINCEY'S experiences of the glory of motion. The trees, such as there may be, are not yet converted into telegraph poles; and when once the coach has fairly entered on one of these ways, so neat is the fit, he must be a lean and active pedestrian who can pass it. To complain of the Patterdale road, in connexion with the recent accidents, is entirely superfluous. It is seldom, indeed, that a carriage accident is due to the road. The picturesque tourist will scarcely be grateful for the suggestion that our old turnpike roads should be reconstructed after an engineer's model. And should this be done, and we are called upon to blemish our County Councils and each individual General Ward, there would be some mitigation of our joy in the increased rates, the growth of traffic, and the certain multiplication of perils from reckless drivers, collisions, runaway horses, traction engines, and the last novelty in cycling.

IRISH NATIONALISTS ON IRISH DISTRESS.

IT is, we fear, almost certain that whatever turn the weather may take in the next few weeks the potato crop in certain districts of Ireland will be a bad one. That, as we make out, is about the worst that present appearances justify any one in saying. The failure of the yield, so far as the extent of that misfortune is concerned, may only be partial, and it may be limited in its area of distribution; but failure to some extent there will be, while if the weather continues unfavourable its proportions will of course become very serious. Still, the talk about "a potato famine" is, for the present, scarcely warranted, and ought not, in fact, to obtain a hearing anywhere except in places like the House of Commons, where there is no effective way of stopping it, and from persons like Mr. BALFOUR, who for their sins are officially bound to listen to it. All that the situation appears to call for at the moment is watchfulness, and the timely preparation of the means of meeting the distress if it should become acute. What is the Parnellite notion of the proper and patriotic course to pursue has been already explained to Parliament and the British public by Mr. HEALY and his followers. Their idea is to keep the House of Commons sitting all night while they contest, line by line and word by word, the passage of a Bill for facilitating communication with those parts of Ireland in which the population is most likely to stand in need of relief. This, moreover, is not only the view of the Irish Parliamentary party, but of the leading Nationalist organ—the *Freeman's Journal* finding it "no wonder" that, in the late hours of the last night but two of the Session, "many Irish members revolted against the imbecile policy of relieving a population threatened with acute distress in this dilatory fashion"; that is to say, in a manner which commends itself to responsible officials experienced in administration, instead of one approved of by a critic of such unquestioned good faith as Mr. HEALY. It is, however, a little rash of the Parnellite print to venture on such a remark as that "the Government, while protesting a determination to give the people assistance, will not remove the blocks in the pathway of the promised help." The mental associations which are called up by this picture of a body of men professing anxiety to promote a humane work, yet "not removing"—or even setting up—"blocks in the pathway of the promised help," are not exactly felicitous associations for a Nationalist writer to suggest.

It is interesting to note, by the way, that Mr. DAVITT, in his letter to the *Freeman's Journal* on the subject of the "approaching distress," takes a widely different view of the Ministerial action in the matter from that adopted by the editor whom he addresses. "Fortunately," he remarks, "the Government stand pledged to carry on some railway construction in some of the menaced counties. This will insure work and the means of subsistence to many who would otherwise be among the yet larger number of men who will be foodless because of the failure of the treacherous potato crop." It is a little difficult to reconcile this view of the operation of the Light Railways Bill with the opinions expressed about that shamefully obstructed measure by the Nationalist newspaper. In other respects, however, there is somewhat more of agreement between Mr. DAVITT and the

Freeman. That is, they both concur in speaking of the impending scarcity in language which could scarcely need strengthening in order to apply it to the famine of 1846; and they have both equally strong opinions as to what should, or rather should not be done, to meet the emergency when it arises. Mr. DAVITT's suggestion with respect to the planting of winter-growing vegetables, cabbage, broccoli, and so forth, is, however, doubtfully received, as well it might be, by his commentator, who observes that he does not know whether "practical men will 'sanction the proposal'" that a vegetable crop available for spring use should be immediately planted, instead of the destroyed potatoes, and "invites correspondence on the matter." But on one point, it is edifying to notice, they are in complete and absolute accord. Mr. DAVITT and the *Freeman* alike hold that no appeal for assistance should, in any circumstances, be made to the English public. "No doubt," says the former, "there will be a willingness on 'all sides to aid in any effort which the people themselves 'will put forth to meet the coming danger; but there is 'no blinking the fact that benevolent people at home and 'abroad"—we wonder whether England is "home" or "abroad" to Mr. DAVITT—"are sick and tired of supporting the innumerable appeals that are being periodically made for the benefit of our agricultural population."

Every one in America, continues Mr. DAVITT, here perhaps showing his hand a little, who is conversant with the real condition of things in Ireland in the distress of 1879-80 "knows that over 50,000,000l. of food was exported from Ireland in those years to be converted into rent for Irish landlordism, while, on the other hand, people everywhere who hold no particular views on the Irish "land question ask themselves when is this begging for "Irish distress to cease"? And the *Freeman* abounds in the same sense, and with the same casually admitted explanations of its abundance. It observes with satisfaction that "Mr. DAVITT, like ourselves, is resolutely hostile to the demoralizing system of giving public charity. As a resource it is barely permissible; short of that it is little less than a crime, so great," adds this stern economist, "is the radical injury that it inflicts upon the recipients themselves." But, besides demoralizing the Irish tenant, it will—and here, perhaps, the stern economist has permitted the intrusion of certain not strictly economical considerations, it will incite him to demoralize himself yet further by paying his rent. Generous men in all parts of the world might well be disposed to give freely in aid of an impoverished and afflicted people; but they will not "take over the responsibilities of Government," nor—and here is the point—"will they stuff the beggar's wallet when they "know that it will be seized by the landlord, in accordance with the terms of the statute made and provided by Mr. BALFOUR."

Such are the contributions of the principal Nationalist organ and one of the most popular of the Nationalist leaders to a question, of the urgency of which we will, for the sake of argument, accept their own assurance. Assuming, that is to say, that Ireland at large, and not merely a certain limited part of the country—for the *Freeman* affirms that "the potato blight is general," and, by implication, that the distress will be so likewise—is threatened with the dire calamity of famine, these are the counsels which the Nationalist leader and the Nationalist journal think it right to address their countrymen on the subject. The pinch of scarcity will be severe enough, and the prospect of it is certain enough, they hold, to make it advisable to broach impracticable proposals for making up the deficiency in the potato crop with green vegetables; and yet they can, in the same breath, protest against any appeal being made to the helpful humanity of the English people to come to the aid of the distressed population of Ireland. The Irish tenant is not to be kept alive if there appears to be any probability that the Irish landlord will indirectly derive profit; he is to perish of starvation (so says the comfortable agitator and the journalist not dependent on the potato crop) as a testimony against landlordism. This heroic advice would have at least the impressiveness of consistency if it went a little further, and if the Irish peasant were exhorted to look no more to public than to private English effort for his relief. But, unfortunately, it is but too evident that the same advisers who are striving to arrest the benevolent action of the English people show plainly enough that it is their intention to hold the English Government responsible for any shortcomings which may occur in dealing with Irish distress. Mr.

BALFOUR has already been denounced by anticipation for declining, as his assailants say, to make timely provision for the impending crisis. "The people," he is severely reminded, "cannot be allowed to starve"; but he is, at the same time, told that his countrymen on this side of St. George's Channel are on no account to be permitted to assist the Government in the work of keeping them alive. If some of them should starve under these conditions, the *Freeman's Journal* and Mr. DAVITT will, of course, sincerely regret it; but, after all, the melancholy incident will have usefully served to show the impossibility of "governing Ireland from Westminster," and to strengthen the argument for transferring its government to a Home Rule Parliament and Executive, who would, of course, be able to deal with Irish famines without having to appeal to English benevolence. Could there be a more striking or a more painful proof of the too-often demonstrated fact that the Irish peasant is a mere counter in the game of the Irish politician and agitator, and that they are as ready to gamble with his life as with his holding and his homestead to serve their own political ends?

AT NARVA.

THE brief and satisfactory reference to the European relations of this country in the QUEEN'S Speech must, of course, be taken in connexion with the PRIME MINISTER's recent remarks on the same subject. The causes of danger which for so many years kept Europe in a state of anxiety still exist. Those causes, indeed, are connected with conditions of things which are unchanged, and which, as long as they in their turn exist, must threaten peace. Germany is still in possession of provinces which, in spite of gerund-grinders and chronicle-mongers, are French. France is still in a state of political cachexy which at once disables her from being actively formidable and disposes her to be querulous and unquiet. The Iberian Peninsula, owing partly to financial weakness, partly to other causes, is still unable to throw due weight into the balance, and any large part of Europe which is thus affected is, if only negatively, a cause of trouble. Italy has scarcely yet adjusted her strength to her ambitions. Between France and Germany there are two small States, objects of covetousness, if only by fits and starts, to their neighbours, and not strong enough to defend themselves. Austria is still a loosely knit bundle of nationalities, with a vast frontier vulnerable at almost every point, and with finances unequal to any strain. Germany herself (to come back to her), though immensely strong both by military preparation and by the absence of financial embarrassments, is in the position which must always be occupied by a Power with only one natural frontier out of four, with Powers more or less hostile, and each by itself a possible if not an actual match for her, on two sides, and with the third covered only by a friend of not many years' standing, who might relapse into the older status of enemy, and is as likely to require helping as to be able to give help in case of difficulty. The Balkan Peninsula presents the spectacle of a once Sovereign Power distinctly weaker than it was even ten years ago, and, therefore, still more provocative of greed on the part of others, with a crowd of hungry and petulant little States growling by turns at Turkey, which they wish to rob, and at each other for wishing to be the robbers. Last of all, there is Russia still in a dubious condition financially, still minded of anarchy and disaffection, but for that very reason still likely to seek to avert trouble at home by action abroad; still actuated by her undying designs on Constantinople, possessing perhaps the largest, if not the best arranged, military resources in the world; and at last in a position, as she never has been before, to strike at once in Europe and in Asia at her most probable enemies in each.

There is thus hardly any part of the Continent (except the Scandinavian kingdoms, which occupy a placid four-per-cent-at-something-over-par existence, with nothing to disturb it but academic politics and the theories of Dr. IBSEN) that could not at any moment provide almost by itself a sufficient cause for a European war. That such a war was till some year or eighteen months ago constantly feared, and is now rarely thought of, is, no doubt to a great extent, one of those accidents which politics share with the weather and the human body. The causes of disturbance are generally present, but at one time they make themselves actively felt, and at another they do not, the reasons

for the difference being chiefly suited for occupying a political Grandgoussier. One of such reasons, however, has been brought into a little prominence by the visit of the German Emperor to the Czar at Narva, which has been a godsend to journalists at the moment of the prorogation of Parliament by permitting them to refresh other people's and probably their own memories of CHARLES XII. and PETER the GREAT, and the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, and all the rest of it. Whether it be reasonable or whether it be unreasonable, there is no doubt that some months' experience of the young Emperor have had a very considerable anodyne influence on the European mind. It was contended, by no means without plausibility, that WILLIAM II. would burn to use, as other young monarchs have burned to use, the new and sharp instrument in his hands, and that his "full steam ahead" would lead him where full steam ahead too often does lead, among the rocks. During these last months he has, on the contrary, shown himself to be, indeed, somewhat incontinent of tongue and rather too anxious to have a finger in every pie, but a very amiable young person on the whole exceedingly fond of making the grand tour over and over again, delighted with moderate civilities, anxious to be on good terms with every one, and by no means too hard a customer to drive an honest bargain with. This agreeable aspect may change as suddenly and as completely as the disagreeable one changed; but the change has been effected for the benefit of the European audience, and the European audience has been graciously pleased to be pleased with it. Again, the curious fit of sham or real bellicosity which was symbolized in France by the *Brav' Général* and his black horse has passed over—either because the general was not nearly so brave and the horse not nearly so black in reality as in the pictures, or because the opportunity of a really profitable business operation in the shape of the Exhibition appealed to that instinct which is really stronger in Frenchmen than anything else. With Germany and France both in a comparatively good temper it would be odd if Europe were much perturbed. The cynics who put down such perturbations as do occur twenty-five per cent. to real causes and seventy-five per cent. to stock-jobbing may, if they like, point to the fact that it has recently been the interest and the object of the chief wire-pullers in this kind to excite confidence rather than to disturb it. But the fact is the fact, whatever may be its cause; and for however long or short a time it may continue to be a fact.

None of these considerations, however, or only the last, concerns the third great Power upon which the peace of Europe chiefly depends, and in the case of which the dependence is much more upon the will or whim of one man than in the other two cases. The Emperor WILLIAM's host at Narva has, like the Emperor WILLIAM himself, rather improved his position in the esteem of Europe of late, having to a great extent shaken off the excessive precaution and seclusion which were, perhaps, a natural result of his father's terrible end, and having, with one great exception, shown an honourable desire to rule justly and deal fairly. That exception, however, still remains, and the inquiry into the PANITZA conspiracy, despite the restraints imposed on it, showed that there is no baseness to which the Czar will not stoop, or, at any rate, which he will not connive at, when committed by his agents in the hope of taking vengeance on the audacious State which has dared, and dared successfully, to set Russia at defiance. The most recent events still show, in the line that Russia has taken as to the Macedonian bishops, and in the obvious countenance given to attempts to proselytize the Armenians as a preliminary to annexing them, that the designs of Russia on her Southern and Western neighbour are well alive and by no means even sleeping. It is not directly probable that such matters will form the subject of any practical conversation between the EMPERORS. The part marked out for Germany in regard to the Eastern question, not merely by Prince BISMARCK's practice, but by her own clear interest, is non-intervention as far as possible, and it is to the last degree improbable that the Emperor WILLIAM would encourage the Czar either in designs on Bulgaria, which are incompatible with the safety of Germany's most necessary and closest ally, or in designs on Armenia, which would be hardly less offensive to another Power with which Germany is now on specially friendly terms. It is at least equally improbable that if the conversation turned on politics at all, the guest would care pointedly to discourage his host in any such attempt. In fact, the only possible relation between Germany and Russia

is one of personal friendship tempered by political distrust. The personal friendship may keep the political distrust quiet, as far as active manifestation goes, but it can never extinguish it except to the manifest disadvantage, not to say the imminent peril, of Germany.

JACK SHEPPARD REVERSED.

JOSEPH DENNY, otherwise known as GEORGE ADOLPHUS GORDON, a coloured native of Barbadoes, appears to belong to that small class of discharged prisoners who, like him of Chillon, "regain their freedom with a sigh." The sigh of BONNIVARD was drawn from him by the fact that, in the course of his long imprisonment, "his very chains and he grew friends." DENNY, on the other hand, grieved because he had left behind him a deadly enemy in the person of the warden, and was troubled by the thought that he had a long score against this official, which his liberation made it difficult for him to clear. So intolerable did this thought at last become, that he at length took the extraordinary, and, so far as we know, the unprecedented step of breaking into the Dartmoor Convict Prison, to which Chief Warden HARDY belonged, with the intention, as he candidly avowed, of murdering him. In the act of scaling the prison wall he accidentally put his foot upon a bell-wire, and set the bell ringing, a mishap which led to his being discovered and brought up before the Tavistock magistrates on a charge of what we suppose—though it certainly seems to be putting rather a severe strain on legal terminology—must be called prison-breaking. Before this tribunal DENNY had an opportunity of unbosoming himself with regard to the wrongs which he says he suffered at the hands of HARDY. His account of the causes of his alleged ill-usages was marked by an engaging simplicity. "He was put in irons only because he was a man of colour and a plain speaker. In a convict establishment," he said, "a prisoner who was a plain speaker never got on"; and there are cynics, we may tell him, who affirm that this experience is not confined to convict establishments. "Only those got on who allowed others to tread upon their necks." HARDY, he complains, was, during his second term of imprisonment, not only chief warden, but "governor, deputy-governor, doctor, clergyman, and everything else." Whether this means that the chief warden dosed him and preached at him as well as ordered him floggings does not appear; but the floggings alone, some of which he magnanimously admitted to have been deserved, seem to have sufficed to fill DENNY with a desire for revenge, which has accompanied him since his discharge to America and the West Indies, and has finally carried him back again over the wall into Dartmoor Convict Prison.

We have no doubt that the gaol authorities will take all such notice of DENNY's accusation as they, with their special opportunities for judging may believe them to deserve. Speaking for ourselves we should accept any statements from such a quarter with extreme caution. The desperate determination which this man has shown in pursuing his vengeance is the only circumstance which is calculated to distinguish his charges against HARDY from those which probably nine-tenths of the irrevocable class of convict would be prepared to make against any officer who properly maintained discipline. And DENNY's determination, after all, is quite easily explicable on another hypothesis than that of his having really received intolerable provocation. A very simple explanation would be that—to put the matter with at least as much delicacy as he deserves—he is "not quite right in his head." Indeed, the mere fact of his effecting a forcible entrance into a building for admission to which he has hitherto made no difficulty about qualifying himself in the regular way affords ground in itself for this suspicion; as, and still more emphatically, does the incident of his "killing a sheep 'on the prison farm,' and regaling himself on a mutton steak *au naturel*, in the sense in which that phrase was understood in the pre-Promethean era. This was a digestion, and an unnecessary one, which appears opposed to the assumption of that absorbing thirst for revenge which the man ascribes to himself. It would, of course, leave us with a more picturesque impression of the affair to imagine the man of colour and plain speaker carrying his revengeful purpose with him to America and the West Indies and back again, and being at last "whipped by the Furies" to

a desperate attempt upon his enemy's life in his very stronghold. But it seems far more probable that the much less romantic explanation which we have suggested above is the true one.

BULLYING FROM BELOW.

ALTHOUGH there is a very decidedly comic aspect to the case of Messrs. SMITH and HEATH of Her Majesty's Customs, which has recently been made public, we do not propose to make much fun of it. It is very tragical mirth to the misguided and justly-punished offenders, and though "serve them right" must certainly be the verdict, they need not be very bitterly laughed at as well. The facts of their case have been industriously set forth by themselves and others, and though they object to Mr. DAWKINS's version of their interview with him, as Mr. GOSCHEN's private secretary, their own version is anything but definite and pretty certainly mistaken. Of the general facts of the case (dismissing such details as the question how far they were authorized by others to act as they did) there can be no doubt. An appointment, which is admitted to be a good appointment in itself, was objected to by Mr. HEATH on the strictest Trade-Union principles. Although this appointment in no way affected Mr. SMITH's department of the service, he backed Mr. HEATH, just as the Association of United Washerwomen, though alleging not a jot of grievance, "goes out" to back up the Charwomen's League, which is striking for a quart of porter instead of a pint at dinner. The worthies hectored their superiors in true BURNS-AND-TILLETT style, and, though they did not exactly throw lime in Mr. DAWKINS's eyes, or bludgeon the intended surveyor, they suggested that they have votes in the constituency of a member of the Government, and that that member had better look out. Insubordination, combination, intimidation, and, to begin with, the assumption that the employed and not the employers are to dictate the terms and conditions of employment and emolument—these are the sacred principles of Trade-Unionism, and they are perfectly exemplified here. Unluckily, or rather for the public luckily, Mr. HEATH and Mr. SMITH did not remember the exceedingly wise advice to sit down and calculate whether they were able with ten thousand (or scarcely that) to meet Mr. GOSCHEN with twenty thousand (and something more). They have been defeated; they have been docked of their salaries; and they must know that public opinion would hardly have made much moan if they had been punished more severely still.

Keen, doubtless, are their pangs; but it must be keener to feel that others are getting pudding and almost praise for doing the very same thing in almost the same way. Sir EDWARD REED (who seems to be rapidly attaining the same position as a letter-writer of fatuity which is already held by Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL as a speaker of boredom) sings prose hymns to the Cardiff strikers, who got their way, as triumphant heroes and saints. On Thursday it was announced that the Tilbury dockers, who had struck on the most illegitimate of all grounds—the employment of non-Union men—had got their way, and that the Directors had turned out of work, not the evildoers, but men whose only crime was not belonging to a mischievous organization. The entire foreign commerce of Australia is said to be paralysed by a sailors' strike, and there are rumours of more at home. This is just what might be expected after the business at Cardiff. It is safe to say that in no case has a strike been successful when judgment and resolution have been shown by the employers either in private, in public, or in what may be called semi-public matters. Mr. LIVESLEY (who has received a well-deserved testimonial this week) beat the gasmen; Mr. RAIKES beat the postmen; Sir EDWARD BRADWELL beat the police. No doubt the power of withholding pensions is a great weapon in the public employer's hands which the private employer lacks; and it is for this very reason that the Unions (wise in their generation, though obviously neglectful of their members' best interests) object to profit-sharing and all similar plans which involve deferred pay, and so give a hostage. But Mr. LIVESLEY had not this weapon, and he won even in face of the demoralization created by the Dock Strike. And there can be very few trades so poor or so absolutely dependent upon skilled labour that similar conduct will not meet in their case with similar success. Meanwhile, it is at least satisfactory that in the public service sounder principles prevail in dealing with internal troubles than those which prevailed with Mr.

MATTHEWS in dealing with the dockers. And so, to come back to Mr. HEATH and Mr. SMITH, these poor men may be left comparing themselves with those very dockers. Had they but unloaded, or refused to unload, the ships from which they collect custom (to paraphrase their colleague, CRABBE), they would have been praised by Cardinals and newspaper editors; rewarded, almost beatified. As it is, they are wigged by Goschenians and Gladstonians alike; stinted in their salaries, humbled in their pride of place and self-esteem. Alas that such inequalities should be in the best of all possible worlds!

MR. GLADSTONE "OUT OF MISCHIEF."

MR. GLADSTONE'S little afternoon lecture delivered the day before yesterday at the Hawarden Flower Show has of course been as appreciatively received by everybody as all such utterances of his invariably are. Their reception in this spirit is in no way remarkable. The admirers of the illustrious man are either genuinely gratified, or have to show the regulation delight at the marvellous energy, the astonishing elasticity, the many-sided, myriad-minded, tree-uprooting-and-pin-gathering elephanto-proboscine versatility on the part of the most miraculous statesman of any age or country which these performances suggest. Mr. GLADSTONE's opponents, on the other hand, have a double reason for welcoming his excursions into pastoral, agricultural, or generally industrial topics. In the first place, it is a relief to feel that they are taking up a speech of the "greatest living English-'man" in which he is not likely to have inflicted serious injury either upon his country or himself, and, in the second place, they are eagerly, perhaps weakly, anxious for an opportunity of paying a compliment to one of whom their habitual language is, and could not conscientiously be otherwise than, of an extremely uncomplimentary kind. It is a comfort to them to see Mr. GLADSTONE's name at the head of a column of reported oratory, and to feel confident that he cannot have been justifying agrarian spoliation, or inventing excuses for crimes of violence, or exhorting an Irish mob to "Re-'member" their doings at a place where they had beaten a constable into the condition of a cripple for life, and were at last fired upon by his comrades. This, in itself, would be reason enough for a candid and humane Unionist critic to rejoice when he finds that Mr. GLADSTONE has been disengaging at a flower show, and that it will be his to comment upon the great man's discourse in at any rate mild, if not invariably assentient, terms, and without any call to remind him for the hundredth time that it is not pretty in a statesman who has been nearly sixty years in Parliament, and has spent nearly half of them in office, to put himself at the head of an organized resistance to the execution of the law.

Naturally, we say, the day-by-day opponent of Mr. GLADSTONE is so glad of one of these oases of relief that he gets the utmost out of it in the way of rest and refreshment that he can. It would be some break in the monotony of his duties, some relaxation of their strain, to find only twaddle in the place of wickedness; but the critic makes the most of his opportunities by courteously assuming that a good deal of the twaddle is "homely common sense." In this he will, of course, find himself supported by the admirer of Mr. GLADSTONE; who is always ready to assure him, for instance, as he was assured in the Gladstonian organ of yesterday, not only that the "policy of 'jam'" has been adopted with great advantage by many people—a point upon which many of those comparatively few people who have tried it at all entertain widely different opinions—but that the idea of growing fruit and vegetables when and where the conditions of the culture of cereals have become unfavourable was an entirely new and original idea specially communicated to the great man from above—like the Book of Mormon to JOE SMITH—and one which had never found its way before into the mind of any farmer in the United Kingdom. It is probable that Mr. GLADSTONE is himself of the opinion, and it is not surprising therefore that a good deal of his address at Hawarden the other day was about fruit-farming and its conditions. But that, of course, was not all. He has reminded us that milk and butter are articles "of the most enormous consequence" "in the future, both to the food of the country," "to the health of the country, to the profit of the country," and as regards the former of the two articles (if we may

remind him of a point he has forgotten), to the successful combating of the infantile malady of "rickets." He has also recommended his readers to read a little book on "profitable rabbit-farming (laughter), price one shilling" (laughter), not a very exorbitant demand (laughter)," and he reminds us, in language well worthy of the immortal Mr. BARLOW, that the satisfaction of making profit out of rabbits would be a feeling "akin to the merriment" with which the reference to so novel an industry was received. It all hovers perilously on the verge of twaddle, but when the reflection at the head of this article crosses our minds we have hardly the heart to say so.

HOW LEARNING IS MOST EXCELLENT.

AMONG the silly subjects of the silly season it would be odd if the silliest of all did not find a place. And, accordingly, our old friend Education has had her feet set in a large room. There is the quarrel whether doctors should learn Latin. There is the bitter cry of a School Board member because, owing to painters not finishing in time (as if painters ever did finish in time!), the poor little wretches whom the London School Board crams are having an extra week in the streets, where, if they learn little good, they will hardly waste their time more than in climbing the treadmill of Standards. Most agreeable of all, we think, is "Another Anxious Father," whose letter appears in the *Times* of Wednesday, headed "German and French v. Greek at Oxford and Cambridge." Let no one fear that we are going to fight that battle on its apparent terms; we are not so cruel. But we do not know that the view of education entertained by the average British parent has ever been more naively and delightfully put than by this representative of the class. The "Father" complains that a large number of German and French books are recommended for study to candidates for honours; but that not one single Greek book is so recommended. What injustice, argues he, to give subjects at matriculation which will not enable the candidate to read the hundred and sixty-two volumes, and to recommend the hundred and sixty-two volumes when they won't help at matriculation! (Perhaps, by the way, he would like to improve on mediaeval plans, and have all text-books written in Latin and Greek.) He has a nephew who "seeks a scholarship and a first class in 'history,' a still more delightful expression. Another nephew wishes to obtain a first class in physics, and to do so he must read a large French book of which there is no English translation. He "worked hard, too hard, at school," but he "could not learn French as well as Greek." (It must have been a most extraordinary school, or he a most extraordinary boy, if he could not learn Greek enough to pass the Oxford matriculation, and French enough to read a science book.) Another still (the man seems to be made of nephews) wants to go to a German University to study chemistry, and must waste time in learning German. A son is going to the Bar, and seeks University honours in jurisprudence. He "speaks, reads, and writes German and French like a German or French boy," and "is now learning Latin, English, mathematics, English history, and geography [a most well-educated infant!], but they avail nothing for matriculation at Oxford." He "must lose a year in learning a smattering of Greek." So "Another Anxious Father."

Now, what pleases us most in this is the implied, the obvious, but the exquisitely unconscious exposure of the Anxious Father's view of education. The whole thing is, to him, a sort of elaborately arranged athletic meeting, with little "pots" to hunt at the beginning, bigger in the middle, and biggest at the end. You enter for the Matriculation Nursery Stakes; that entry should qualify you for the Scholarship Quadriennial Cup, that, in turn, for the First Class Challenge Plate, this, again, for the Professional Purse. It is (as his young barbarians would say, if they have not some new American equivalent) a "beastly sell" if the entries are arranged so that the competitor finds himself disqualified at any point. That the subjects of education are chosen, with whatever mistakes and inconsistencies of intention, for their educational value; that a scholarship and a first class are not ends in themselves or mere means to hand a man on to a lucrative professional practice, but that the one is a help to study, and the other a seal set by the University on study which has been effected, are things which never dawn on the Anxious Father. He is most amiably ready to set his boys to any-

thing that will pay; he seems not even to object to Greek from that point of view. But he insists on having, to speak figuratively, his half-franc entrance taken out in "consummations"; and, if it is not, he thinks himself abominably treated. Heaven knows we are not enthusiastic admirers of the modern innovators in our Universities; but, as a rule, they do honestly proceed on the University idea, on the theory that the study of liberal arts is the purpose for which Universities exist. To them enters the British father, and says, "I want a first class for my boy, that it may be of use to him; you prescribe books for that first class; they don't pay in your matriculation, and your matriculation doesn't pay in regard to them. Oh men "unjust and unnatural!"

MACHREHANISH.

THE student who when asked to construe *Hor. Lib. iii. xxx.* confidently began, "I have eaten a monument harder than brass," was met by the rejoinder of the examining professor, "that his digestion was too good for their college fare," and was incontinently plucked; but the original discoverer of Machrehanish as a golf-links should by all justice have a monument erected to him, proof against the appetite of time and hungry students, for a more absolutely perfect natural links it is well-nigh impossible to conceive. Some twenty years ago, indeed, the writer heard the praises of this green set forth by one who, if not the original discoverer, was certainly one of the very first to play there; but he was as one preaching in the wilderness, and his words passed by as the viewless winds, and were no more thought of, at least then; but now it is different, and the name of the place, though rather a jawbreaker, is fairly well known, and deserves to be better known still. In point of inaccessibility it certainly holds its own, not to say more than its own, with the best of them, for this is an apparently invariable attribute of all really good links. Situated at the west side, and nearly at the south end of Kintyre, the usual "approach" is by boat from Greenock to Campbeltown, though perhaps the best way of all is to embark at Fairlie Pier. From here we are taken past Bute, round the north end of the Isle of Arran, through Kilbrennan Sound; coasting along past Loch Ranza, we catch a momentary glimpse of Goat Fell, recently the scene of a terrible tragedy. Crossing and recrossing between Kintyre and Arran, the primitive methods of landing and embarking goods and passengers will prove a source of amusement, and especially is this the case when horses or live stock have to be landed at Blackwaterfoot or Machrie Bay in Arran. Boats corresponding to the number of horses to be landed arrive alongside the steamer; a rope with several yards of slack is put round each horse's muzzle, the attendant ghillie gets into his boat's stern, rope in hand, and the boat sheers off; when clear, the unfortunate and terror-stricken horse is hustled over the steamer's side, disappears from view in the depths of the sea, rises anon to the surface, when the ghillie begins to haul his end of the rope, and in the end the horse, after a swim of several hundred yards astern of the small boat, gets to shore apparently unharmed; though if a splint happens to appear a few days subsequently, probably no one will have the least idea how it could have got there. At last, after some five hours or so, Campbeltown is reached, the next point being to get to Machrehanish, five and a half miles distant. For this purpose a "machine" will be requisitioned: pending its arrival the pilgrim may probably have his expectations raised by being told that "it is a *lovely* road," and will accordingly prepare to feast his eyes upon the beauties of nature thus prospectively displayed. A Barmecide feast, indeed, for from his subsequent experience he will deduce the fact that this was merely "English as she is spoke" in Kintyre; "hyperbolical exornation" indeed, for of the beauties of nature by this route, if we except some remarkably fine crops of ragweed, none are discernible; and the "loveliness" of the road is found to consist merely in the adaptability of its surface to speedy and comfortable transit. Passing the little mining village of Drumlembie (the only coal-mine in Argyllshire) we reach Machrehanish; a dozen houses together, and a few outlying farms, where quarters may be obtained if the Pans Hotel is full; yet it is so far in touch with civilization as to boast a telegraph wire of its own, and a daily post. An alternative way of reaching the place is to drive down from Tarbert, nearly the whole length of the peninsula, some thirty-five miles or so; and this time it may be said, without fear of being misunderstood by English readers, that the drive really is a lovely one. An extensive and beautiful view awaits us at our journey's end. In a north to north-westerly direction lie the island of Gigha and the island of Jura, with its four dome-shaped hills at equal distances. "Now as touching these monticles," as Sir Dugald Dalgetty has it, they are known 'o the chartographer as the Paps of Jura, and, being a leading feature in the landscape, at once attract attention. Southward of these appears Islay, where excellent whisky is produced. The two islands are separated by the Sound of Islay; but they overlap, as it were, and it is difficult to see where the one stops and the other begins. Then, rather to the south of west, Rathlin Island and the coast of Ireland, about Ballycastle and the Giant's Cause-

way, appear; and it is not unlikely that the whole may be seen under the fascinating conditions of most glorious sunsets, rich in every imaginable tint of vesper beauty. To visit the Links will be our first care, seeing that we have come with that end in view. Nor shall we have roamed over them very long without endorsing to the full the remark of Tom Morris when laying them out, to the effect that Providence assuredly designed that part of the country as a special earthly Paradise for golfers. The turf in its nature is an improvement on that of Westward Ho! which it somewhat resembles; wild thyme and similar herbs luxuriate; it is altogether of a firmer texture than that of the North Devon green, and not liable, as that is, to disintegration by sand-storms. Its elasticity is surprising, as may be seen by holding a club and letting the head fall and rebound; consequently, walking is a pleasure—this, too, though the course is exceedingly undulating, and at first sight seemingly but ill adapted to the requirements of the weight-carrying and plethoric pedestrian. The recuperative power of the turf, also, is wonderful; an "iron-skelp" heals almost of itself, without doctor's aid, in a very short time. No need, either, for artificial teeing-grounds; natural ones are all there ready, and in abundance: for every ball is teed, wherever it is. And, as for putting-greens, one might put a hole down almost anywhere at haphazard, and little else would be necessary. Bunkers abound, and are of the most orthodox description. The sand in them is light, though some there are wherein stones in plenty lie; needless to say, these must be avoided like the plague. Owing to the general configuration of the ground a ball will not roll much. In driving, therefore, a fairly good carry is necessary; and, once the putting-greens are reached, on all and singular of them, the ball holds its line with undeviating truth, there being no hummocks and irregularities to beguile it from the path of rectitude. Rabbits there are, but they appear to be tolerably innocuous, so far as the golfing-course is concerned; whilst of the horses and livestock generally the same remark may be made. On leaving the Club to tee for the first hole we cross the Campbeltown road up on to a table-land, bounded by rocks and the beach a few yards to the left, on the right by the road aforesaid, and in front by a fence, into which the half-topped ball is sometimes driven, and rebounds to a considerable distance behind the striker. An angle of the beach projecting inland has to be carried obliquely, as well as a slimy and offensive ditch, which will in some measure recompense the Westward Ho! player for his absence from home if he happens ever to get into it. These difficulties surmounted, a brassy shot, which must be steered clear of ragweed on the left, puts us in position for a pitch to the hole, which is well guarded by bunkers. The proper number is five, and it is a good hole; but the second is even better. A tee-shot straight down the course, if a long one, will enable the hole to be reached in two; but here the second shot is the thing. First of all, a broad burn, Machrehanish Water, has to be crossed; but, curiously enough, one is allowed to tee instead of dropping if one gets in. Secondly, a precipitous bluff, with a bunker in it and a sandy road; some thirty yards over this lies the hole, on an undulating and beautiful putting-green. Thus, if the second is not well lofted, it is apt to get jammed up against the steep foot of the bluff, leaving a difficult third. Four is good here. The third hole is tame, a drive and a short pitch; whilst the fourth is a drive and a cleek, and is a goodish four, considering the country to be crossed. Hence we drive our tee shot on to some beautiful billowy slopes, reminding one of Atlantic rollers arrested in mid-career by some Michael Scott, when "Him listed his magic wand to wave," transformed thereby into yielding and elastic sward. The hole is in a sort of punch-bowl, the hither side of which is an abrupt and almost perpendicular descent: a four is thus easy. The next hole is good and sporting; a bunker of terrible mien confronts us when we have walked fifty or sixty yards to the tee; its slopes are garnished with bents of forbidding aspect, and twenty yards further on is another bunker which the striker does not see. To the highest peak of the one he does see is about a hundred yards; so a carry of a hundred and forty will land him clear of everything, and a blind shot to the hole with cleek or iron will have to avoid further difficulties. The tee shot to the seventh must carry a face in which a bunker lies concealed ready to trap a badly-hit one; an exceptionally good drive would reach a deep and stony bunker; but this would be rather unlucky. A good, firm iron shot over uneven ground will enable a four to be recorded. The two last holes are two drives, and one and a long put or short approach respectively, and are negotiable in eight or nine. We are now halfway round; and if the sum total is forty or under—though this figure is not difficult of attainment by a good player—he will in all probability be quite satisfied with it. Homeward bound, the first hole is long, flat, and uninteresting, its chief difficulty lying in the fact that the monotonous level of the approach deceives the eye in its judgment of distance; three fair shots will be on the green, and in five or six we shall hole out. A drive and a characteristically blind iron shot on to a rather foggy and dull putting-green follow, and prepare us for another pretty long hole, represented by two drives and an iron. The first of these must clear a precipitous bunkery face about forty yards from the tee, whilst the last of the series, over a small ravine on to a table, is very apt to be short, as the distance here again is very deceptive. The thirteenth hole might with advantage be better arranged, for a bunker which it is no advantage to carry crosses the whole line of fire, at such a distance as will catch a good shot; it is there-

fore advisable to take a short club at the tee, and subsequently a short iron pitch will get us on the green. The fourteenth hole is a somewhat commonplace four, its chief difficulty, as usual, lying in the blindness of the approach; but its successor, known as Rorke's Drift, is as good a hole as can be found on the green. For three-quarters of its length the direct line is over a succession of deep trenchlike bunkers; on the left of the line, awaiting a drawn ball, is country compared to which Sheol is as a happy hunting-ground; a ball slightly heeled is caught by a further bunker on the right; but a sweetly hit one will just get on to a beautiful little table, and reward us with a three. For those whose capabilities are below first-class, a safe, if unambitious line, lies to the right; all classes are thus satisfied, whilst the good player can reap enormous advantage from his skill. The sixteenth is a return journey over Machrehanish Water, the teeing-ground being on the top of the bluff already mentioned as guarding the third hole; a four is easily obtained. The seventeenth rejoices in the curious name of Trodigal, and is rather uninteresting, being two drives and an iron over level country. The last hole, with an adverse wind, is a sporting one; on a calm day it is but an iron shot from below up on to the table whereon the tee to the first hole is situated; the road on the left, the high face surmounted by a fence, and the sea-beach on the right constitute the hazards; a three is the proper number. Thus, thirty-seven to thirty-eight may be considered first-class for the return, whilst for the whole journey anything under eighty may be fairly regarded as a performance of exceptional merit; the record at present stands at seventy-six. To one looking at the green as a whole, or, rather, at the present arrangement of it, one or two points for criticism are likely to suggest themselves. One is the enormous preponderance of blind approach shots; at each of the first seven holes, indeed, this may be, and usually is, the case, whilst the same remark applies to three or four holes in the last half-round. A slight rearrangement here and there might do much to obviate this inconvenience. Again, at many holes there is no incentive to drive really well, as this is understood at St. Andrews; a half-and-half sort of ball and a really good one are often equally efficacious; thus a first-class score is far more easy of attainment than at the green just mentioned. This is the more to be regretted as Machrehanish is capable of almost unlimited extension. But you will be loth to quit this little place, and after a short sojourn you will lay aside your clubs with regret, tempered, perhaps, by the resolve to revisit the scene on some not far distant occasion.

SOME ST. LEGER FAVOURITES.

OF the many hundreds, if not thousands, of people who have bets on the St. Leger, it is more than probable that a large proportion know little or nothing about the appearances of the horses likely to start for it. We express no opinion as to whether they will be much better informed after reading the descriptions about to be offered to them; for horse-flesh is a matter on which few people agree, and the following remarks are offered in all humility to those who may care to read them, and without guarantee that they include the winner.

The Duke of Portland's Memoir is a brown filly standing about 15 hands 3 inches in height. She is a beautiful specimen of a medium-sized racehorse of high class. Her head is neat and blood-like and well set on to a perfectly shaped neck. Her shoulders are very sloping and as well placed as the most fastidious could desire. Her quarters are sufficiently let down, and her hind-legs are well under her. She has a fair amount of bone and power; but she is not of what racing-men are fond of calling "the massive type." Her owner's St. Serf, who is by the same sire, St. Simon, is a very different-looking horse. He is probably about 16 hands and a half high, with great length. Like Memoir he is a dark brown, with a good head, neck, and shoulders. In the loins he is rather too slack; but his quarters are good. His hocks are just a little too much bent and a trifle too far behind his body. He also has the fault commonly known as "showing too much daylight." For all that, he is a great striding horse, with very true action, immense reach, and indomitable pluck. In the spring he was a mere raw, unfurnished baby, and we have never known a colt make more rapid improvement.

Sir James Miller's Sainfoin, the winner of the Derby, scarcely has the appearance of a first-class representative of that race. His action when he is fairly extended is very true and his movement very easy and free. He is a nice, long, low chestnut colt by Springfield, standing about 15 hands and a half, without great power or much depth of rib, and he is, perhaps, a little short in the neck. It is a very great change, again, to turn from the winner of the Derby to Surefoot, the winner of the Two Thousand, who is a great, massive, rather "stallion-like" bay colt by Wisdom, standing about 16 hands and an inch. For a horse with such a fine frame he looked barely strong enough below the knee; but his legs have thus far proved sufficiently substantial to carry him. He is a horse with terrific speed and an exceedingly excitable temperament. His staying powers are still open to question. Baron de Rothschild's Hermit colt, Heaume, is a very nice, lengthy chestnut, about sixteen hands high. At first sight he looks slightly hollow in the back, an appearance which is caused by his quarters being set on rather high; for, in reality, his back is by

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no means weak. His stamina and gameness were proved when he won a race in France after having been nearly knocked down by another horse. A windgall on one of his joints has caused his trainer considerable anxiety.

We will now turn to Porter's stable. As a specimen of a beautiful thoroughbred horse, whether for the saddling-paddock, the show-ring, the Park, the hunting-field, or the stud-farm, it would be difficult to improve upon the Duke of Westminster's Blue Green, who is a rich dark bay colt, about 15 hands 3 inches in height, and quite a duke among horses. He is so well balanced and "coupled," to use a horsey phrase, and he has such power in proportion to his frame, that it is impossible to look at him without longing to ride him. Nevertheless, when one regards him exclusively as a racing machine, just a shadow of a doubt crosses one's mind as to whether he seems the most likely, of all the St. Leger favourites, to win that race. Although we are almost entirely confining ourselves to noticing appearances on this occasion, we will observe, for the benefit of any one who may have forgotten the breeding of Blue Green's sire, Coruleus, that he was by Beadsman out of a mare by Stockwell, grandam by Touchstone. Beside Blue Green, the Duke of Westminster's Orwell, a bay colt by Bend Or out of Lizzie Agnes, that ran third for the Derby, is rather a common looking bay horse, especially when one remembers his aristocratic parentage. In the same stable is Mr. Gretton's Gonsalvo, a hardy looking well-made bay colt by Fernandez, with a great deal of muscle, and standing, on short legs, something like 15 hands and a half. A fourth St. Leger candidate, in Porter's stable, is Mr. W. Low's bay colt, Right Away, an own brother to Veracity, but a better-looking horse. He is rather small, being under 15-2; but he has plenty of length, and his well let-down muscular quarters give him immense propelling power in his gallop. An unfortunate bruise on one of his heels prevented his running for the Derby, and he had a long rest before being put into training for the St. Leger.

The very antipodes of Right Away is Mr. J. Houldsworth's Alloway, a great, big bay colt by Springfield out of Lady Morgan. His height is about 16 hands and a half, and he has great length, principally in his back, where there is a trifle too much of it. He is a sound and honest horse, but his massive frame is almost on the borderland of "coachiness." His owner possesses another St. Leger candidate, by the same sire, in Ponza, a dark bay or brown filly that ran third for the Oaks. She stands about 15 hands and 3 inches, and she is a racehorse from head to heel, with immensely muscular quarters; she has yet to show, however, that she can stay over a mile and three-quarters. Mr. E. Lascelles's Queen's Birthday is a bay colt by Hagioscope. He is probably about half an inch under 16 hands, with plenty of power, and good shape; but, if anything, he may be a little wanting in length. He is a grand stayer, and he seems to revel in heavy ground. Being rather lazy, he has not appeared to win his races quite so easily as may have been actually the case. Oddfellow is a bay horse, about 16 hands in height; a very lengthy colt with great substance, but rather too long a back, and there seems to be a want of activity and sharpness in his movements.

LORD CORNWALLIS AND THE IRISH UNION.

I.

IT is easy to imagine a break or chasm in modern history by which future critics would be able to prove, to their own satisfaction, that there were at least two or three statesmen who bore the name of Cornwallis. The general officer who surrendered to the Americans at York Town could never have been the Governor-General who conducted two campaigns against Tippoo Sultan and who carried out the Perpetual Revenue Settlement of Bengal and Behar. It is also quite certain that the Lord-Lieutenant who helped Pitt and Castlereagh to carry out the Irish Union was a very different person from the man who failed in America and left the conquest of Seringapatam to be effected by Lord Wellesley. More advanced critics would show good grounds for thinking that the Lord Cornwallis who had talked with Napoleon I. and had negotiated the Peace of Amiens with his brother Joseph, was a third person of the same name. He could have evidently no connexion whatever with the Governor-General of India and the Viceroy of Ireland, if they were one and the same; and so on. But, apart from any hypothetical break of historic continuity, it is tolerably certain that the action and influence of the Marquess of Cornwallis in Ireland have not recently been estimated at their proper value. And we may do some service by showing that the Union was mainly brought about, not by the blackguardism of one Minister or the unscrupulous methods of the Chief Secretary, but by the efforts of a statesman who, trained to arms and action in the field, showed a real talent for civil administration, reformed and purified the Civil Service of India and, to use Macaulay's language about Lord Metcalfe, afterwards reconciled contending factions to each other and the mother-country.

In the beginning of June 1798 Lord Cornwallis, at the earnest request of Pitt, accepted the double office of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and Commander-in-Chief. The state of that country was then truly alarming and dangerous. Ten years before, in 1788, nearly all the regular troops had been withdrawn and their

places had been taken by some forty thousand Volunteers. Their officers, rejecting Royal commissions, were chosen by their own privates, and they very soon turned their attention from military duties to politics. They began by forming a Convention and tried to intimidate the Irish Parliament, and when the Convention sank into contempt and insignificance it was succeeded by the Society of United Irishmen. Their ostensible object was Parliamentary reform; their real aim was separation. An Executive Council managed the affairs of the Society, distributed seditious pamphlets, tampered with officers and privates, bribed witnesses, intimidated juries, and paid for the defence of prisoners. A set of men calling themselves Defenders perpetrated terrible outrages in Roscommon and in five other counties. This was followed on the part of Government by the passing of an Insurrection Act, the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, and the formation of Yeomanry corps. Then came the ineffective expedition which sailed from Brest with a French army under Hoche and Grouchy. A second design of invasion was frustrated by the naval victory of Camperdown. Outrages, however, were still perpetrated. General Lake made a search for arms which were discovered in abundance. A partial rising in Ulster was easily put down, and this was succeeded by the outbreak of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the capture of Wexford, Goree, and Carlow by the rebels, who were eventually defeated and dispersed. This, briefly, was the state of affairs when Cornwallis, armed with very extensive powers, and authorized to grant an amnesty, arrived at Dublin Castle on the 20th of June, 1798. For the next three years his life was one of unceasing anxiety and toil. A most complete, accurate, and detailed account of his Vice-royalty is to be found in the Cornwallis Correspondence, in three volumes, edited by Mr. Charles Ross and published just thirty-one years ago. They fully bear out the estimation in which Cornwallis was held in India for administrative ability, purity and directness of aim, and union of conciliation with firmness. In his many private and confidential communications with Pitt, Dundas, and the Duke of Portland, and his more unrestrained letters to his old friend and subordinate General Ross, there is no record of which posterity should be ashamed. He spares neither party, but deals equal measure to loyalist and rebel. He never lost his self-command. One of his first orders was to forbid the infliction of any punishment, under any pretence whatever, not authorized by a general officer and a regular court-martial. Convinced that the number of rebels slain in battle had been greatly exaggerated, he at once authorizes officers in the different districts to offer an amnesty to the "deluded wretches who were wandering about, and were committing still greater cruelties than they were suffering themselves." At the same time, he was for excluding from any general pardon such persons as had been guilty of cool and deliberate murder, and for banishing the leaders for a long term of years or for their lives. On the other hand, he met with great difficulties owing to the "ferocity of our troops," and the heated language of the principal people, with the exception of the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker Foster, and Lord Castlereagh, "a very uncommon young man, of talents, temper, and judgment, suited to the highest station." As for some members of Parliament, "the words Papists and Jesuits were ever in their mouths, and by their unaccountable policy they would drive four-fifths of the community into irreconcileable rebellion." This censure is somewhat balanced by his opinion that the real cause of the mischief was a "deep-laid conspiracy to revolutionize Ireland on the principles of France, formed by men who had no thought of religion but to destroy it, and who wanted to introduce that most dreadful of all evils, a Jacobite Revolution." Events during that summer moved in quick and startling succession, and, anxious as was the Lord-Lieutenant for a general pacification, he was constantly thwarted by the outrages on one side, or the increase of bitter and revengeful feelings on the other. As he wrote to Ross, "my conduct has got me abused by both sides, as might naturally be expected, being too coercive or too lenient." At one time his own officers were very injudicious. At another the rebels proposed terms to which it was impossible to listen. A certain General Wilford, without due authority, opened negotiations with rebel leaders in Kildare and Wicklow when they were in arms; but this weak act met with prompt condemnation, both from Cornwallis and Castlereagh. The rebel leaders were, as might have been foreseen, insolent in their proposals, and the proclamation of pardon was not intended to apply to them. However, His Excellency was quite willing to give them twenty-four hours to surrender, and submit without any stipulation. A more extraordinary proposal came about the same period from certain State prisoners, who offered to acknowledge their offences and submit to perpetual banishment, provided the lives of three prominent offenders were spared. It is significant of the height to which party spirit had then risen that both the Viceroy and the Chief Secretary were rather inclined to favour this proposal; but the objections of others, including the Chief Justices of the King's Bench and Common Pleas, the Attorney and the Solicitor-General, and others, were so strong that it had to be refused. The Viceroy was sensible of the "danger of taking a step, without some legal or political support, that would irritate almost to madness the well-affected part of the kingdom." The life of Oliver Bond, one of the three, was, however, eventually spared. There seems no reason to doubt that leniency on the part of the State would have exasperated the Yeomanry, the Militia, and the Fencibles. "They had," writes Cornwallis, "saved the country. But they were

like the Loyalists in America, and, in return for the feeble outrages, burnings, and murders still kept up by the rebels, took the lead in rapine and murder." Even the conversation at the Viceroy's dinner-table always turned on hanging and shooting, though the host did all he could to prevent it. Still, there is ample evidence to show that the policy of Cornwallis was both humane in theory and effective in result. Troops had been sent into Wicklow, where a considerable body of rebels were threatening death and destruction to all who availed themselves of the amnesty. In this case the troops did not loot. The officers paid for all supplies. The inhabitants returned to their work and got in their harvest, and in the space of one month the county, which seemed like a desert, presented a quiet and settled appearance. This was towards the end of August; but, unluckily, the spirit of disaffection was kept alive by the prospect of more assistance from France. General Humbert landed in Killala Bay with eleven hundred men, who were eventually either captured or killed. There was, however, an action near Castlebar, when the Galway Volunteers and the Kilkenny and Longford Militia deliberately ran away. It was on this occasion that Lord Ormonde, finding oaths and threats of no avail, ran two of the cowards through the body. Cornwallis took the field in person, and, in concert with General Lake, very soon compelled the French army to surrender. Humbert, the commander, accounted for his failure by the mutinous conduct of his men. Their only hope of success was to march on Dublin or to do something very rash and silly; and in that they completely succeeded. Cornwallis for his part found it necessary to proclaim by a general order that any soldiers caught in the act of robbery or with plundered goods in their possession would be tried and, if convicted, at once executed.

To all these trials of temper and to the difficulty of drawing the precise line between just retribution and unwise clemency was added the fear of another expedition from Brest. Harry Dundas became alarmed for the safety of India and wanted Cornwallis to spare troops for the East. Yet with a hostile fleet ready to descend again on the Irish coast, and with something like civil war raging in Wexford and Mayo, the Viceroy began to turn his attention to the fundamental question of satisfying the Catholics, conciliating the people, and effecting the Union. That the name of Henry Grattan about this time was removed from the roll of Privy Councillors was a small matter that does not seem to have caused much excitement. The Chancellor and Mr. Elliot, the Under-Secretary of State, were sent over to England, furnished with the opinions of the Viceroy, and prepared to discuss the whole question with Pitt and his colleagues. The Chancellor had a thorough conviction that, unless the Union could be effected, the actual connexion between the two countries would not long subsist. But Cornwallis warned Pitt that from the prejudices and various interests of people a considerable opposition might be expected in the Irish Parliament in whatever shape the Union were presented. By the middle of November a plan had, by the Duke of Portland, been sketched as follows:—The two kingdoms to be united, and the succession to the Crown to be as fixed by the existing law. The British Parliament to be unchanged. The Irish portion of it to be settled by an Irish Act, and the Irish peers to have the same privileges as the Scotch. The continuance of the Irish Church establishment to be a fundamental article of the Union. The Courts of Justice were to remain, with a final appeal to the House of Lords. Ireland was to have a Privy Council or a Committee of the Privy Council. There were other articles, commercial and financial, and the office of Lord-Lieutenant was to remain, but without being mentioned in the Act. Cornwallis's opinion on the obstacles to the Union are too detailed to be quoted, but he only anticipates the language of some modern politicians in saying that, while not sanguine that any measure would have "an immediate effect on the minds of the people," he was looking out for means to make Ireland "a source of strength and power, instead of a useless and almost intolerable burden to Great Britain." In November Castlereagh recorded his own opinion that the question of the Union was but partially understood; that there was no evidence of prepossession in its favour or of indignant resistance to it; that the Irish Bar was strong against it; that opposition was to be expected from the citizens of Dublin; that the leading Roman Catholics would consider any transfer of power from their opponents as a boon; that both Protestants and Catholics in Cork and Limerick seemed quite alive to the commercial benefits of the Union; that a regulation of tithes would have a very good effect; and that some additional provision for the clergy, connecting the Church more closely with the Crown, would disarm opposition in clerical quarters, if not secure support.

The result of a court-martial held about a month before the above opinion was formed is another instance of the violence of party feeling. A body of Yeomanry entered a cabin occupied by a woman and her son—Dogherty. One of the Yeomanry named Collaghan, after twice snapping his piece at the young man, deliberately shot him dead as he lay on the floor with a broken arm, in spite of the prayers and entreaties of his mother. A court-martial, of which a peer was president, and the other members were a major and three captains of the 5th Dragoons, an officer of the Fermanagh Militia, and one of the 18th, acquitted Collaghan on the ground of his loyalty, and in consideration of the fact that the murdered man, though now provided with a protection order, "had once been a rebel." To this verdict of acquittal there was appended a finding that the prisoner "did

shoot and kill Thomas Dogherty, but without malicious or wilful intention of murder." Cornwallis when in India had had similar experience of a shameful acquittal of an officer who had shot a native. He disbanded the court and dismissed Collaghan from the militia. An opinion prevailed generally at that time that any man suspected of being a rebel might be put to death without the formality of a trial. Not long after this a lieutenant who had committed a very similar crime was also acquitted. It is satisfactory to note that this officer was dismissed the service, and that a regiment which had become distinguished for insubordination and sedition was actually disbanded. It was towards the close of the year that Wolfe Tone, left for execution by the sentence of a court-martial, cut his throat in prison and died in a few days afterwards.

Much confidential correspondence now passed on the main outlines of the Union between the Duke of Portland and the Viceroy. Towards the close of the year Cornwallis was able to report that the majority of the Irish Bar had determined that any deliberation on political measures would be criminal. This was followed by a suggestion that in the future constitution of the Parliament of the Union the number of Irish members should not exceed one hundred. The Scotch precedent was to be followed, and a preference given to the representatives of counties and of great commercial towns over close boroughs. Each county was to return one member; places returning two members were to lose one. As the value of borough property would be depreciated, a hint was thrown out that private interests might be secured or satisfied without "the embarrassing principle of avowed compensation." It must be remarked, however, that for all this, compensation of a very solid kind was eventually given to the patrons of close boroughs. Other very perplexing questions were constantly arising from a conflict between the jurisdiction of the Courts of King's Bench and the Courts Martial. Writs of habeas corpus were moved for in the regular Courts on behalf of prisoners confined by the command of general officers. It is clear, however, that the ordinary Courts of law could not have tried a prisoner with the despatch necessary in a time of rebellion, and that juries could not have been trusted to convict on the clearest evidence. But every sentence of a military Court was always submitted to the Viceroy for confirmation. He mitigated penalties wherever it was possible or prudent. Between the landing of the French and the second month of 1799, 380 persons had been tried by courts martial; 131 capitally sentenced, and 90 executed. Yet this result was stigmatized by many persons in England and in Ireland as a ruinous system of lenity; and Cornwallis in a letter to his son, Lord Brome, declares that, though urged to use far stronger measures, he cannot be brought to think that flogging and free quarters would prove good opiates. To General Harris, who was then in India preparing for the final campaign against Tippoo, he writes that his own difficulties in that distant country had been trifling compared with what was now imposed on him; and so the first year of a memorable Irish Administration came to an end.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE weather continues very unfavourable to our farmers. It is too late now to expect a good harvest, but even yet a favourable change might give us a fair one. At the beginning of June the promise was better than for very many years past, but before the month ended apprehension began to take the place of the hopes previously entertained. July deepened the anxiety, and although August has been better than July, there has been too much rain and too much wind. It is to be borne in mind, however, that the weather has varied very much according to the locality. In some districts there were complaints of drought, while in others the corn crops were lodged, and the pastures were sodden. Naturally, therefore, the crops differ much in different parts of the country, and it is not easy consequently to estimate the probable results of the harvest. It may safely be said, however, that, late as it is, if there were to be a few weeks of hot, dry sunshine, the condition would be so greatly improved that the harvest would turn out a better one than it is now very generally expected to be. On the other hand, if there is no improvement, the condition of the grain will leave much to be desired. According to the reports that have been collected by some of our agricultural contemporaries, it would appear that wheat is not very much under the average. Barley and oats are slightly over average; so are potatoes and beans; but peas and roots are somewhat under average, and hay is very much under the average. Roughly, it may be said that the hay crop is little more than four-fifths of an average yield: but even that statement represents the matter somewhat better than it really is; for there can be little doubt that very much of the hay crop has been spoilt. According to the reports, too, as already stated, potatoes are a little over an average; but then it appears to be certain that the crop is diseased very widely. The large number of correspondents who testify to this leaves no doubt upon the point. Even the cereal crops have been twisted and laid by the rains, and in some places have been partially threshed by the high winds. It is possible, therefore, that the reports even as to the cereal crops are better than the event will prove them to be. On the other hand, there is no room for doubt that,

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if the weather were to change for the better, and were to continue favourable for four or five weeks, some of the damage done might be repaired, and at all events the condition in which the crops would be gathered in would be immensely improved. At the present time the grain cannot dry and harden properly; and if the weather, therefore, continues wet, a large proportion of it will not be fit for milling purposes without admixture with foreign growths.

The year, then, which only two months ago promised so well, is likely to prove an unkindly one for our farmers. Their difficulties will be increased, because the cost of harvesting will be greater than usual in consequence of the extent to which the crops have been laid and twisted. On the other hand, they will in all probability obtain better prices in the new agricultural year than for several years past. According to the general estimate, the wheat yield of the United Kingdom will be somewhat under nine millions of bushels, and, allowing for the seed required, there will not be, at the very outside, more than eight millions of quarters available for consumption. As the annual consumption at present is about twenty-seven millions of quarters, we shall need from abroad nineteen millions of quarters. According to the best estimates that can be formed at present, the Continental production will but barely equal the Continental consumption, and thus Europe will need to buy from the other parts of the world about nineteen millions of quarters. It seems clear that this quantity cannot be obtained without a considerable rise in the price. The Indian yield this year is smaller than usual, and the American yield is decidedly smaller. Moreover, the world has been drawing upon its old supplies during the past twelve months, and consequently it seems reasonable to assume that the stock of old wheat at present existing is smaller than usual at this time of the year. If that be so, it seems reasonably certain that the price of wheat will be higher during the new agricultural year than it has been for a long time past. No doubt, too, the rise in the price of silver will check exports from India—assuming always that the rise in silver is maintained; and it may be, too, that the rise in silver will check exports from the United States, as the new silver legislation may possibly, at all events, inflate prices in America. It is probable, then, that the smaller wheat crop this year will be worth to the farmers more money than the better crop of last year, perhaps, even, may be worth more than the comparatively large crop of 1887. Against this is to be borne in mind—firstly, the greater cost of harvesting; and, secondly, the danger that, if the weather does not soon improve very markedly, the condition of the wheat will in many cases render it unfit for milling, unless when mixed with foreign grain. And what is true of wheat is true generally of the cereal crops; but there is nothing to make up for the damage that has been done to hay and for the disease in the potato crop.

If the weather does not improve, and in consequence much wheat is unfit for milling purposes, we shall have to import in the new agricultural year even more than the nineteen million quarters usually estimated. And as it is reasonably certain that the price will be higher than it has been for several years past, we shall have to pay a much larger sum for our imports than we have had recently. It follows that it will be more difficult for us to attract gold from abroad in the autumn should we require to do so, and that it will be easier for foreigners to take gold from us. Yet the Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday reduced their rate of discount to 4 per cent. It had stood at 5 per cent. for only three weeks, and during that time it had attracted a very large amount of gold. Probably the Directors felt that the control of the market had escaped from them, and that it was useless to keep up their rate. Their reserve is now very large, over 14½ millions, being 43½ per cent. of the liabilities. Before they made the change the rate in the open market had fallen to 3½ per cent.; but the joint-stock and private banks immediately lowered the interest they allow on deposits to 2½ per cent., and the open market rate fell to about 3½ per cent. It will in all probability go lower, and then the danger is that gold will be withdrawn from the Bank in large amounts and sent abroad. It is said that before long half a million sterling will be withdrawn for Spain, and there is always the danger that considerable amounts may be sent to Buenos Ayres and Montevideo. But, if there are large withdrawals, it is questionable whether a return to 5 per cent. would bring gold.

There has been a very sharp rise in the price of silver this week. On Friday evening of last week the price closed at 52d. per ounce. On the following day there was an advance of ½d. per ounce, and on Monday another advance of 1½d. per ounce, making a rise of no less than 2d. per ounce in two days, or not far short of 4 per cent. On Tuesday there was again a rise at one time, a small amount having been bought for India at 54½d. per ounce; but the price finally closed as on Monday evening. On Thursday there was again a rise to 54½d. per ounce. The cause of this active movement was the readiness with which the United States' Treasury raised the price at which it bought. It began under the new Act only on Wednesday of last week. It invited tenders again on the following Friday, and on Tuesday of this week. On the three days it bought altogether a little over 1½ million ounces, and at constantly rising quotations. The price given on Wednesday of last week has not been stated; but on Friday it paid \$1·15 per ounce, and on Tuesday of this week it paid \$1·16 and \$1·18. On Wednesday it paid as much as \$1·20½ per ounce. If, therefore, speculators can keep up the price the

Government will be obliged to follow, and week after week we shall see a further advance. As a matter of course, the rise in silver has been accompanied by a very active speculation in all silver securities, and a corresponding advance in price. Rupee paper, more particularly, has been very largely dealt in at advancing quotations. There has also been a good deal doing in Mexican railway stocks and shares, as well as in the shares and bonds of the South Austrian Railway Company.

Outside of the market for silver and silver securities there has been less doing this week than last week. Mainly this is the result of the news from Montevideo. The second edition of the *Times* on Tuesday contained a telegram from the Buenos Ayres correspondent of that paper predicting a revolution unless there was a speedy and complete change in the policy of the administration. As the condition of Uruguay is known to be very bad it is only too probable that the prediction will be fulfilled. The Government has borrowed recklessly at home and abroad, has cooked its accounts, and is believed to have been guilty of gross corruption. The fall, however, has not been as great as might have been expected, being only about six points. The Argentine market was not much affected, only a slight decline having occurred, yet there was a visible decrease in confidence, and operators were less willing to increase their risks than before, for if there should be a revolution in Montevideo it is impossible to foresee how it may affect the Argentine Republic. In the American market there was some disposition at the end of last week to speculate somewhat more actively than of late; but the sudden rise in the value of money and the strikes have checked the inclination. The Secretary of the Treasury, it would appear, has been accumulating money, as he is unable to estimate what the demands upon him will be. The expenditure of the new year will be larger than that of last year, and it is yet uncertain whether the Tariff Bill will be passed. If it is, it will cut down the revenue. Therefore, he has not up to the present been buying bonds as freely as was expected. The late large exports of gold from New York to London have at the same time drawn heavily upon the New York market, and now a drain from New York to the West and South to move the crops has set in. Therefore loanable capital has become very scarce, and rates have risen excessively, 15 and 20 per cent. being paid in many cases, and in a few instances as much as 30 and 40 per cent. for loans upon Stock Exchange securities; indeed 200 per cent. is said to have been charged at one time on Thursday. It is probable, however, that the stringency will end as quickly as it began, for the Secretary of the Treasury has announced his readiness to redeem at once Four-and-a-Half per cents. of the nominal value of fifteen millions of dollars. The announcement has somewhat restored courage to the market, but there will be no activity while the stringency continues. In home railway stocks there has been more doing than of late, and prices generally have advanced. The other departments have been firm without very much activity, and it is hardly probable that there will be a marked revival of speculation until the holiday season is drawing to a close. Then, if trade continues as good as it is at present, and if the money market is fairly easy, there will probably be a spurt of great activity. Investment business has not hitherto been as large as usual at this season. The more cautious investors have preferred to leave their money on deposit while getting 3½ per cent. for it, in the anticipation that by-and-by they would be able to buy more cheaply. If the money market continues easy, and if matters settle down in the River Plate countries, it will no doubt increase, but any revival of apprehension will again check it.

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE AT GLOUCESTER.

THIRTY years have elapsed since the Archaeological Institute paid their first visit to the historic city of Gloucester. The Institute was then in the vigour of its early youth, and the lapse of a generation has necessarily deprived it of the services of some distinguished men; but the recent meeting has been by no means deficient in lectures and papers, and, best of all, in descriptive perambulations, of a very high order of excellence. Even if "they attained not to the first three," the introductory addresses of Dr. Freshfield, Professor Middleton, and Dean Spence, the presidents respectively of the sections of Antiquities, Architecture, and History, were each in their line of singular merit, and characterized by a brightness and, while never wholly losing the thread of their subject, by a happy discursive ness which secured the attention and kept up the interest of their hearers. The inaugural address of Sir John Dorrington, the local president of the meeting, was a model of what such addresses should be. He gave a rapid sketch of the history and archaeology of the county, dwelling briefly on its architecture, ecclesiastical and domestic, and at greater length on the traces of the Roman occupation, occurring with such great profusion on the hill-sides of the county, and expressing his conviction that many so-called Roman villas were really the homes of the British provincials, who during the four hundred years of Roman rule had become educated in all the knowledge and refinement Rome could give them. If we had to lament the loss of the late Mr. C. H. Hartshorne, the Institute enjoyed the services of his hardly less distinguished son, Mr. Albert Hartshorne, "claro patre dignus," at Tewkesbury—that majestic church, so wondrously

like its sister abbey of Gloucester in the low columns and lofty clerestory of the choir, and the inordinately tall and huge cylinders of the nave, reducing the clerestory to a minimum and "almost shouldering the triforium out of being," that we cannot resist the conclusion that they must have been in building at the same time and under the same influence. The only thing to be desired here (besides the absence of drenching thunder showers) was that Mr. Hartshorne, after the manner of Professor Willis, wisely adopted by Professor Middleton in his description of the Cathedral, should have supplemented his lecture by a perambulation of the church, calling attention to the several points of which he had already spoken.

The great feature, however, of the meeting, which had no parallel thirty years back, and which of itself is sufficient to stamp on it an enduring character, was the walk round Roman Gloucester, with the brilliant oral lecture—"He was a busy man," he said, "and had no time to prepare a paper"—of Mr. John Bellows, the Quaker printer of Gloucester, whose capital little *French and English Dictionary for the Pocket* is a model of compactness and correctness. The same lucidity and completeness characterized his remarks on the buried Roman city, which, as he walked from place to place, he raised from its grave and made instinct with life. The fragments of the rubbish heap so opportunely discovered just outside his printing-office, in the cellars of which a fine length of the Roman wall has been unearthed, to the uninstructed eye mere bits of bone and broken pottery, when cleaned, arranged, and classified, one bit elucidating another, furnished him with materials for reproducing the domestic life of the Romans in vivid fashion. Mr. Bellows's description of his discovery, embedded in a lump of clay, of the boiled egg with the yolk running down the side, the pot it was boiled in, and the spoon to eat it with, will not easily be forgotten.

Though Roman Gloucester claimed the chief attention of the archaeologists, mediæval Gloucester was not neglected. The ancient churches—not many, nor of any surpassing interest—were visited, together with the picturesque half-timbered houses, some with richly carved barge-boards, which line the streets; and the "New Inn," with its open galleries, to which Sir John Dorrington had called attention, built by John Twynning, a monk of the abbey somewhere in the first half of the fifteenth century, to accommodate the pilgrims to the shrine of that very strange saint, Edward II., to whose "cultus" the choir and transepts owe their marvellous network of tracery and their groined roofs, was viewed with much interest. Nor were the two friaries overlooked. Of the Grey Friars only the church remains, now converted partly into a warehouse and partly into dwelling-houses, once a fine Perpendicular building with a nave and north aisle of equal height. At the Black Friars the remains are much more extensive, including the church—here, also, converted into a dwelling-house—and the cloister court, with large portions of the conventional buildings—the refectory, with a fine triplet at the south end, and finely moulded doorway and remains of the lavatory, abnormally placed on the west side, and what has been thought to be the dormitory on the south side, but which from a survey taken at the Dissolution appears to have been the library, and on the east side, its proper place, a small fragment of the true dormitory, adjoining the church, with the entrance to the chapter-house below. It is a most curious building and demands fuller examination.

The excursions were many and varied. The Saxon church at Deerhurst, with the recently discovered Odda's chapel, to which, and not, as was formerly supposed, to the church, the famous dated inscription of dedication preserved in the Ashmolean museum refers, reached by a somewhat tedious voyage up the Severn, formed an excellent "ante-past" to Tewkesbury on the Wednesday. On Friday the Cotswolds were surmounted in drenching rain to descend upon the long grey-stone little town of Winchcombe, with the memories of its destroyed abbey, once, it is said, a rival to Gloucester, and its late but stately church, where the Puritan arrangement of the chancel, with a table in the centre and seats with rails round the three sides still existing at Deerhurst, has recently, unhappily, given place to the more usual, but far less interesting, altar rails. Then some of the party, careless of the deep, wet grass, trudged through fields to the Roman villa at Spoonley, while the more cautious inspected the marvellous museum of curiosities at the restored castle of Sudeley, with its memories of Katherine Parr, who died here in child-bed after a short period of wedded happiness, and the beautiful monument erected by the late Mr. Dent to her, in the richly furnished chapel raised by him from its ruins. When we add that other excursions took the archaeologists to the Roman villas of Woodchester and Chedworth, to the churches of Northleach, Withington, and Painswick, Berkeley Castle and church, and to the Abbots manor-house at Prinknash, with its chapel restored not only to beauty but to regular use by Mr. Dyer Edwards, and its magnificent view of the vale of Gloucester, with the cathedral tower, "a pharos to all parts about," as Leland says, rising in the middle, it will be allowed that, though necessarily much that was worth seeing was left unseen, an honest, and not altogether unsuccessful attempt was made to embrace as many and as varied objects of antiquarian interest in the county of Gloucester as the time allowed.

INDIAN FINANCE.

LITTLE fault can be found with those members of Parliament who consider it possible to spend an autumn evening more agreeably than in listening to Sir John Gorst's annual exposition of the finances of India, and the remarkably foolish and irrelevant criticisms which that exposition invariably provokes. On the other hand, Mr. Bradlaugh and his associates are right in asserting their determination to understand the subject, and in denouncing any arrangements of the Government or the India Office which they imagine to be hostile to this virtuous resolve. Nor, it must be admitted, are the Indian finances, except in the most summary and simplified outline, altogether easy to understand. The Government of India, it has often been observed, besides being a great tax-gatherer, is one of the greatest landlords in the world, one of the greatest manufacturers, a great exporter and importer, a great money-lender, a great banker, and an enormous speculator in industrial undertakings. As it is obliged to show the results of all these diverse operations, as they affect itself and the Provincial Governments, who share its profit and loss, in a rough balance-sheet, the effect is apt to be bewildering to an untutored eye; and Mr. Bradlaugh's impatience at the short time allowed to him for mastering the accounts is sufficiently intelligible. None the less, Englishmen who aspire to political life ought to understand the financial position of the Indian Government, for experience has shown that it is not impossible for Parliamentary partisanship to take advantage of the generally prevailing ignorance for tactical purposes, and that, thanks to the rashness which ignorance engenders, measures vitally affecting the interests of India may be discussed without any of the disputants in the least understanding the real position of the case. The "Explanatory Memorandum," with which it has now become the fashion to supplement the Secretary of State's statement in Parliament, offers great facilities for an intelligent survey of the whole position; and we propose to draw attention to some of the main facts which it establishes, but which, until they are disengaged from their complicated surroundings, are apt to be overlooked or misunderstood. We shall make use throughout of the symbol Rx., which has been adopted by the Indian Government, with a view to increased lucidity, to denote a group of ten rupees, and which bears the same relation to 1*l.* as a rupee does to two shillings.

The first point to be noticed is the extraordinary strength of the financial position of the Indian Government as regards its capital account. The Secretary of State submits yearly a statement of assets and liabilities, precisely such as would be prepared for a trading or industrial Company, showing on the one hand the indebtedness of the Government, on the other its principal productive assets—namely, railways, canals, and loans at interest to native States and public bodies. The following is a summary of the statement, in round numbers, as it stood on March 31, 1890; rupee and pound sterling are shown in separate columns:

ASSETS (in millions).		LIABILITIES (in millions).			
Rx.	£	Rx.	£		
Railways	65 <i>4</i>	56 <i>4</i>	Debt	117	98
Canals.....	27		Deduct assets.....	115 <i>4</i>	61 <i>4</i>
Loans	8		Uncovered debt...	1 <i>4</i>	36 <i>4</i>
Cash balance	14 <i>4</i>	4 <i>4</i>			
	115 <i>4</i>	61 <i>4</i>			

In other words, the whole of the national debt is covered, except 1*4* millions of Rx. and 36*4* millions sterling. For all the rest the Government has solid assets of the most valuable character to show—public works, which already earn a handsome dividend on their capital outlay, and are, and will be, an ever-increasing source of profit, alike to the Government and the inhabitants of the country. Moreover, as regards that portion of the rupee debt which is not represented by railways and irrigation, it may be said during the current year to have disappeared; the interest entry, instead of being a payment which Government has to make, is a payment which Government has to receive. "The singular and interesting fact which this statement reveals," observes the Financial Minister, in his Budget speech of April last, "is that there is now an actual net receipt on account of the ordinary rupee debt. In other words, the interest on the investments held on account of Government and on the advances made to public bodies and others by Government, exceeds the interest payable on that portion of the rupee debt which is not actually represented by railways and irrigation works."

The real indebtedness of India, accordingly, is represented by the uncovered balance, 36*4* millions, of its sterling debt—a sum much less than one year's net revenue, and against which, if the case for the Government were to be fairly stated, might be set all the public buildings, roads, jails, telegraphs, churches, hospitals, forts and other military works, which have been called into existence within the last fifty years, all of which are national property, but of which no account is taken in the official balance-sheet. Against it, too, must be set the cost of suppressing the Mutiny, and a century of order within, and immunity from violence from without, such as India had never known before, and of which she is making such excellent use in the development of her resources and the accumulation of wealth. Whatever other accusation may be brought against the British Raj, it cannot, at any rate, be denied that the administrators of the country have managed its finances with prudence and success, and that the

loans, which India now raises on such easy terms, have been wisely and profitably employed.

Another topic worthy of attention is the incidence of taxation. No matter requires to be more sedulously watched, for the general level of an Eastern population is very low, and a slight tightening of the tax-gatherer's screw might cause widespread distress. The Indian Government never loses sight of this fact for an instant. The official statistics attest its care; for we find that the aggregate taxation, apart from land-revenue—which is of the nature of a rent—falls at the average rate of 1 rupee 2 annas 2 pies per head of the population, and that, even if land revenue be included, the incidence is only 2rs. 4a. per head—not an extravagant charge, surely, for an administration as effective and as conducive to the accumulation of wealth as that which now prevails in every portion of British India.

Coming to a less agreeable subject, we find in the Memorandum and Sir John Gorst's speech ample evidence of the excessive uncertainty which besets Indian finance, and which, as Indian financiers have so often complained, renders their position, at the best of times, one of extreme anxiety. Each of the three years with which the Memorandum deals utterly upsets all calculations that had been formed about it. The year 1888-9 started with a deficit of three-quarters of a million, which transformed itself into a surplus before its account has closed. The year 1889-90 began with a surplus of Rx. 106,000. By August this had grown to more than half a million; in the revised estimate at the close of the year the surplus was taken at Rx. 1,809,000, and we now find that the real surplus proves to be Rx. 3,600,000, and can be reduced to the more modest figure of Rx. 2,600,000 only by the ingenious expedient of spiriting away some Rx. 900,000 by postponing the payment of Rx. 490,000 due to the Imperial from the Local Governments, and devoting almost as large a sum to the reduction of debt under the heading of "Famine Relief and Insurance." Even this does not show the whole of the improvement, for Sir John Gorst tells us that besides the Rx. 3,600,000 by which Imperial revenue improved, the Local Governments were better by three-quarters of a million, so that the entire gain during the year was 4½ millions.

The present year, however, has exhibited the most startling vicissitudes of all. It began gloomily with a small balance of Rx. 270,000. It went on worse, for opium and railways disappointed expectations, and, but for the lucky accident of the rehabilitation of silver, the financial position would be worse by half a million than the framers of the Budget expected. The rise of silver, however, has carried all before it, has swept away the deficit and left the Government, as matters now stand, or rather as they stood last week, with a probable balance of nearly two millions. If exchange continues at an average of 1s. 7d. to the close of the year the result will be achieved; if it rises 1d. above that ratio the Government will be richer by nearly a million. If it reaches, as now seems not inconceivable, a ratio of 1s. 9d., there will be another million. If it falls—and a fall cannot be said to be beyond the range of possibility—there will be a corresponding loss. With every pulse of the New York money market the hopes of Indian financiers rise and sink. The Indian Exchequer is at the mercy of the American silver ring. So long as they can keep up the "boom," all is well at Calcutta. If and when they collapse, the dark day of deficit will dawn. Nor is silver the only ground of uncertainty, for opium is a variable crop, the opium market is capricious, and the receipts of any year are difficult to predict. In 1889-90 opium was better than the estimates by a million; in 1890 it is expected to be worse by about the same amount. It remains, moreover, to be seen what effect the rise in silver will have on the Indian export trade and the railway earnings. The loss in this last respect already amounts to Rx. 300,000, and it may easily become much more. In the background always is looming the dreadful possibility of famine and the scarcely less dreadful possibility of war. This latter contingency is less likely now than it was five years ago; for the North-West Frontier bristles with armaments, Quetta is well-nigh impregnable, and, now that the Khojak is pierced, we have a firm grip on Candahar. But, with all these elements of uncertainty, no sane person, we imagine, can fail to see that the moment for remission of taxation has not arrived, and that, grateful as such measures are to a benevolent Administration, the Government of India must for the present hold its hand, and apply the windfall which Fortune has sent to the safe though inglorious process of storing up a reserve fund against the day of trouble, when expenditure will be inevitable and money difficult to find.

PROTECTION OF WILD BIRDS.

THE holiday season is the most appropriate time to call attention to the cruel, wasteful, and injurious destruction of sea-birds by tourists and amateur sportsmen at and near our seaside resorts, and to obtain sympathetic support to the efforts which are being made to put a stop to it. The details of the shameful butcheries which take place every year at the breeding places of seagulls on the Yorkshire coast and elsewhere have been so often told that it is unnecessary to repeat them here; but the need and the means for putting an end to them cannot be too often repeated, especially as destruction is chiefly the work of inland

dwellers and casual visitors to the seaside, who are ignorant of the habits and uses of the beautiful birds they persecute. There is the more reason for calling attention to the subject just now, as a new agent for securing their protection has been found in the County Councils, one of which has recently exercised its functions in this direction. The object of the Wild Birds' Protection Act, when they were passed, was to prevent the destruction of certain birds (nearly all our wild birds, except birds of prey, the crow tribe, and the sparrow) during the breeding season, when they are not fit for food, and are most easily shot or taken; and it was thought that this object would be attained by making the close time extend from March 1st to August 1st. But, in case this period proved insufficient, powers were given to the Home Secretary, on the recommendation of the county magistrates, to extend the period by an Order in Council. Thus it is obvious that the Acts are sufficiently elastic for the protection of all useful or ornamental birds, and successive Home Secretaries have extended the close time in many parts of the country. These extensions have chiefly referred to the period of the shooting or taking of wildfowl; but in the Isle of Man sea-birds have been protected all the year round, much to the satisfaction of the fishermen and other inhabitants. With such examples before us, it ought not to be difficult to obtain Orders in Council for the protection of sea-birds on other parts of our coasts; but hitherto it has been found difficult to interest the county magistrates in such matters or to bring any pressure to bear on them, and we may fairly hope that the County Councils, to whom this duty appears to have been transferred, may prove more amenable to the wishes and petitions of their constituents. The County Council for Middlesex has recently obtained, through the Home Secretary, an Order in Council to extend the close time for all protected birds for two additional months—namely, February and August; and in this county the close time for wild birds now corresponds with the close time for partridges under the Game Laws. It was stated at the recent annual meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals that this extension of the close season was obtained by the influence of Lord Salisbury; so that bird lovers and protectors have sympathetic local authorities in the new County Councils, and also a friend at court in the person of the Prime Minister. The county of Middlesex, in which district much destruction of bird-life is caused by the London bird-catchers, deserves much credit for setting the example; and if that example (of including February and August in the close time for birds) were adopted by other local authorities throughout the country, bird-protectors would have little grounds left for complaints. We have already advocated this extension of the Acts in these columns for the reason that many birds begin to pair in February, which makes them an easy prey to the bird-catchers, and because at this time of the year the stock is at its lowest from the natural destruction of the preceding winter months. On the other hand, in August many birds have not completed their nesting and got off their young. This is especially the case with sea-fowl which are late breeders, and the period is still further postponed by the taking of the earlier eggs for food by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of the breeding places.

It will probably be many years before public opinion in the rest of our islands will be abreast of that of the fishermen of the Isle of Man, and our sea-birds will be protected all the year round. When it is, it will be desirable to add many other birds to the list, such as the swallow, nightingale, and cuckoo, and the rest of our insect-eating migratory birds. It is difficult, indeed, to understand why some of our favourite native birds, such as the robin and hedge-sparrow, which are perfectly harmless to the farmer and gardener, and are not used for food in this country, should be exposed to destruction at any part of the year. The inane fashion of wearing birds' skins for ornament has nearly died out, and the occupation of the Societies for putting it down by moral suasion has gone; but the work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which concerns itself with the more practical duties of enforcing the law, will be increased very materially by the new departure, and the Society deserves, and should receive, the support and assistance of all serious bird-preserved. It is most desirable that the London bird-catchers should be made acquainted with the extension of the close time in Middlesex through the coming month of August; but the anomalous condition that while they may not invade the northern suburbs with their nests and traps, and yet may go with impunity to the woods and commons of Kent and Surrey on the side of the river, which indeed are their chief hunting-grounds for young birds, should not be allowed to continue, and we trust that the inhabitants and County Councils of these and the other home counties will lose no time in following the lead of those of the county of Middlesex. The County Council of London, with such a distinguished naturalist as Sir John Lubbock as its Chairman, might fairly be expected to take the extreme step of obtaining entire protection all the year round for all birds within its boundaries, including the sparrow and wood-pigeon, which are such popular favourites in the parks, but which are not included in the schedule of the Wild Birds' Protection Acts.

ARTILLERY PRACTICE.

IN spite of the outrageous course adopted a few years ago in lopping off five batteries of Horse Artillery, the increased necessity for the support of field guns owing to the great development that has taken place in modern fire is steadily forcing itself on public attention. The more that has been said and written about the effect of the new smokeless powder on the Continent and the introduction of the magazine rifle, the greater seems the tendency to attach value to artillery fire. This appears but natural. Artillery is the only arm which acts by fire alone, and, therefore, every invention that has the effect of increasing the results of fire must accentuate its importance. The more destructive infantry fire becomes the more hopeless will it be for infantry to attempt to carry a position in its teeth, and, however devoted the assault, an opponent unshaken by artillery can bring such an annihilating fire to bear that the advance must eventually be checked at a point where it cannot any longer proceed without assistance. So far, therefore, from the improvement in the foot soldier's equipment rendering him independent of the guns, it will have a precisely opposite effect, and in the future they will be more indispensable to success than ever. It is a matter, therefore, for congratulation that great attention is now being paid to the subject of artillery practice, and that the essential qualifications of a battery are coming in for the notice they deserve. Ten years ago if an inspecting officer found the parade appearance satisfactory, if movements were executed smartly and with precision, and appointments were clean and well put on, few questions were asked as to the performances of the guns at the butts. Many smart officers even looked on their armament as rather an encumbrance than otherwise, and "but for these vile guns," some reflected with sorrow, there would be little to distinguish Horse Artillery from cavalry. Practice reports are nowadays treated with more respect, and the capacity to hit is felt to be the true measure of a battery's worth. More it is true remains to be done even now. Still greater stress should be laid on the value of good shooting and greater credit given for excellent performances at the ranges. The ideal state of things will be arrived at when batteries are inspected at practice, and when quickness in picking up the range will receive more praise than rapidity in getting off a round or in movement during drill. We must not, however, hope for too much all at once, but accept what has been given with that gratitude which springs from a lively sense of favours to come. An instance of the new notions that prevail is evinced in a recent order, which directs that for the future captains of Artillery must pass an examination in range-finding, in addition to the other subjects they have to master before they are considered qualified for promotion.

This is an excellent regulation, in so far as it emphasizes the importance of range-finding, and compels officers to pay attention to it. Whether, however, it will be of any practical value, or bear fruit in better performances in this branch of artillery science in the field, is a matter on which there will be much divergence of opinion. When the average officer is compelled to qualify in any more or less scientific branch of his profession, he probably takes the subject up in a somewhat perfunctory manner for a few weeks, attains a certain superficial proficiency which enables him to cope with the examination, and then puts it aside, and thinks no more of it till perhaps some day in the course of his service he finds himself again obliged to look it up. If in this way he one day wishes to take a range, he usually would be almost as unskilful as an absolute novice, and the results he would arrive at would be frequently misleading and therefore worse than useless. It is this very method of teaching the use of the range-finder and cast-iron system of utilizing it that has raised a prejudice against the instrument, and caused the results obtained by its aid to be so often disappointing. The majority of practical men prefer to range their guns without its assistance, and contend that they can do so, by a system of trial shots, more accurately and more rapidly. The Germans altogether disbelieve in it, and so do the majority of Continental nations. Yet those who have studied its use, and are accustomed to handle it daily, will seldom make any important errors, and will in a few minutes accurately determine the distances of any prominent objects in view.

The reason of this discrepancy in results obtained is not far to seek. The range-finder is an instrument which easily gets out of adjustment, and requires great knowledge and practice from him who would handle it with success. Unless a man have it in his hand almost daily, he will not possess the delicacy of touch or clearness of vision which is essential, and will miss those niceties which make the difference between incapacity and efficiency. A regulation may declare that every man must know how to find a range, but cannot prevent nine-tenths of mankind from doing so incorrectly. It can no more enact that officers shall find ranges with accuracy than it can make them play billiards or racquets as they ought to be played, even though it may compel them to learn the rules of the game. The necessary sharpness of eyesight is not given to every man, nor the idiosyncrasy that causes him to turn his whole attention to the matter. It has been recognized that it is better in place of trying to make every sergeant in charge of a gun responsible for its laying, to put only those to that important duty who have evinced natural talent for the task. The French, who have special men told off as *pointeurs*, have set us a good example here, and we have at length adopted their system. Now, if specialists are desirable for this purpose, they

are ten times more desirable for range-finding. Indeed, it is not too much to say that none except experts can really be relied upon to find ranges quickly, and at the same time accurately, in the field. It is a different matter in cases where time is not a factor in the problem. A man may then have opportunity to fumble and make mistakes, and correct or verify his previous results. Thus the ranges of objects near fortresses or field-works, or defensive positions occupied for some time, can easily enough be determined; but so could they be in many cases without range-finders at all. The real value of such an instrument is to pick up the distance of a hostile force approaching you on the field of battle, when minutes are precious, when the light is perhaps none of the best, and when smoke threatens every moment to obscure vision. At such times range-finding becomes elevated to the position of a fine art, demanding the utmost nicety, and considerable judgment and resource. No one will then give trustworthy information who is not an enthusiast at his work, and who has not studied it with the attention and patience of an expert; and no one, therefore, should be selected at haphazard for the task. In a similar manner, no general would take the first officer he came across to sketch the ground he means to-morrow to fight on, although every officer will have obtained a certificate in the requisite knowledge, and will theoretically be qualified for the duty. There will always be a certain number of men of special proficiency with every force to perform such work, or it will become the business of the staff to see that they are forthcoming; and such men, happy combinations of artist and soldier, will supply with little effort such intelligible and instructive sketches as could never be hoped for from the perfunctory efforts of less gifted comrades. A man who finds ranges well will, in nine cases out of ten, have made the subject his hobby, will think of little else, and will usually also be possessed of some special physical advantages. Such men should be noted and kept for nothing but this duty; and care taken that with every body of troops detached on service a certain number should be posted. But to make every artillery officer a range-finder is as impossible as to make him a poet. Range-finding in these days of quick firing and machine guns will doubtless play an important part in artillery matters; but there are other points which must also claim attention. The observation of the results of fire is always extremely difficult, and requires a practised eye. The same men should be constantly utilized for this duty, and one of them told off to assist the commanding officer when the guns are in action, just as a practised signalman on board a man-of-war can often help the captain to read signals which he himself can hardly see. The importance of laying is obvious, and the advantage of employing specialists has here, as we have said already, been recognized; but the necessity for fire discipline, and the complete control of the fire of a battery in the hands of its commanding officer, has not yet been sufficiently insisted on.

Before, too, we can hope for really great achievement from our gunners we must manage to give them better fuzes, and to improve the manufacture of their ammunition. A country which boasts of its mechanical proficiency should not be baffled by problems such as these, which can be solved by the skill of the mechanic; yet hitherto we have certainly not succeeded in equipping our artillery as efficiently as we should. It is becoming a question, also, whether it will not in future be best to lay the guns by means of clinometers. In the course of an engagement the line of hostile guns which usually forms the objective soon becomes obscured by smoke, and laying by means of sight is often but a farce. When the range has previously been determined, much could be done against such a broad target by means of the clinometer, and greater uniformity in giving the required elevation would moreover be arrived at. We have in a previous article referred to the disappointing results obtained from the 12-pr.-Shrapnel, and raised the question as to whether the extremely high velocity we strive for in our field-guns is worth the candle. Such are some of the salient points that demand attention, and render the artillery problem a complicated one; but the mere fact of this frequent discussion is a healthy sign, and holds out promises of future improvement.

THE PROGRESS OF HUMANITY.

Dr Juenemann has compounded a fluid which, in his opinion, is destined entirely to revolutionize modern warfare, and put a stop to the horrible carnage with which wars are at present inevitably conducted. His plan is to burst a shell containing this fluid, which, on liberation, is converted into a gas, under the effect of which every living being within a considerable space becomes unconscious, and remains so for two or three hours.—*Daily Paper*.

I.

NEAR the nineteenth century's closing
(All the world in peace reposing)
Suddenly the rumour ran,
"War's grim horrors, felt too often,
Good Juenemann will soften"
(Please pronounce "You-any-man").

"Now he's made the thing a study
War will cease from being bloody,
And will only cause a smell.
Blessings, then, on modern science
And its last humane appliance,
The Narcotic Vapour Shell."

"Boom of gun and rifle's rattle
Shall no more be heard in battle
Once the Doctor's shell has burst;
All the interest will be focussed
On the question who are huccussed
By their adversaries first."

"Softly these will sink to slumber,
While their weapons, useless lumber,
At their feet abandoned lie,
Which secured and piled, the others
Will approach their sleeping brothers,
And restoratives apply."

"Waken, brethren, foes no longer,
Stronger thus, and ever stronger,
Will arise the friendly shout.
'Ended ere we'd well begun it,
Is the fight; our shell has won it;
Now be yours the shelling out.'

"Blessings, then, on modern science
For its last humane appliance,
And on him who framed the plan,
War's no more a brutal *battue*."
So they raised a stately statue
To the good Juenemann.

II.

Years rolled on and times grew milder,
All the primitive and wilder
Human passions sank to rest;
And the public admiration
For the Doctor's innovation
Was less heartily expressed.

Men began to view with coldness
One who with such callous boldness
Could an army drug by stealth,
Careless, his designs pursuing,
How much harm he might be doing
To that army's future health.

"How could he," in accents fretful
Murmured they, "be thus forgetful,
Wrapped in his unscrupulous art,
That the rifle or the sabre
May be borne by men who labour
With affections of the heart?

"Some perchance may not recover,
All of them are bound to suffer
In the body or the mind,
More or less, from that reaction
Which narcotic stupefaction
Almost always leaves behind."

So the local papers trounced him,
Crowds assembled and denounced him,
Till they made their victim flinch,
Smashed his windows, broke his image,
Mobbed him in an ugly scrimmage,
Threatened him with Justice Lynch.

Then the conscience-stricken Doctor,
Doubtful whether to be shocked or
Furious at his altered plight,
Making but a weak contention
For his devilish invention,
Gave it up and took to flight.

Fled beyond his country's border,
Entered a monastic order
For his life's remaining span;
And, from all his fellows parted,
Lingered on, a broken-hearted,
Penitent Juenemann.

REVIEWS.

THE EARLY BIOGRAPHERS OF DANTE.*

IT is pleasant to find that an endowment answers its purpose. Certainly Dr. Barlow's foundation of a lectureship on Dante has succeeded admirably in inducing Dr. Moore to put together the results of his long study of Dante, and to enrich English literature with the fruits of ripe scholarship. The little volume before us contains a criticism of the materials for Dante's life, so far as they are embodied in the biographies which are referred to as the earliest authorities. The English reader who wishes to form his own opinion on the matter has all available information put before him in an intelligible shape. Most books that originate in lectures suffer from the fragmentary mode of treat-

ment and the false proportion which arise from the limits of time to which a lecturer is subject. But these defects are not obvious in Dr. Moore's volume, and the need of being clear has saved him from running into small details of tempting criticism. He has contented himself with a plain and straightforward account of Dante's biographers, and has discussed their claims to credibility.

Dr. Moore has the humility of a scholar, and does not profess that his book contains much that is original. It may be true that some one or another has said somewhere or another most of the things which Dr. Moore has said. But as a critical survey of the whole mass of materials Dr. Moore's volume certainly fills a vacant space in Dante literature, and has the advantage of being free from prepossessions. It is entirely free from the desire to make a reputation by destroying the reputation of others; and it does not aim at producing a false appearance of originality by an ingenious use of purely destructive criticism. Dr. Moore is quite content to accept Boccaccio as a witness of the highest order, and has submitted to careful examination the two books which bear Boccaccio's name, the *Vita* and the *Compendio*. The most valuable and most novel part of Dr. Moore's book is his discussion of the relation between these two works. His conclusion is that the *Vita* only was written by Boccaccio himself, and that the *Compendio* was an abbreviation made by some later hand. His reasons for this conclusion appear to us to be convincing, and they rest upon homely common sense, frequently enlivened by humour. The following remark, for instance, is excellent: "If abbreviation were the motive, it surely does not follow, when any document—a sermon, for instance, or a lecture—is too long, that the only person conscious of this, or desiring to curtail it, is the author himself."

After vindicating for Boccaccio's *Vita* its true position, Dr. Moore vindicates its author from the attack of some modern critics who declare that Boccaccio has "written a poem or a romance, not a history." It is surely a very superficial view of Boccaccio, and indicates an entire ignorance of his time, to see in him only the author of the *Decameron*. Certainly Boccaccio's contemporaries did not regard him as a mere novelist; nor is there any reason for supposing that because a man could write stories he wrote everything else in a story-telling vein. Dr. Moore might have strengthened his argument by reference to Boccaccio's letters, and by noticing the apologetic language in which Boccaccio in later life spoke of the work which has made him famous. The *Decameron* was, in truth, merely an episode in Boccaccio's literary career. It is surprising to note how many men are known to fame by the productions which they themselves thought least of.

It is needless to follow Dr. Moore through his criticisms of Villani, Leonardo Bruni, Manetti, and Filelfo. In every case he considers their relation to Boccaccio and the materials which they could command. Boccaccio is the only writer who can claim to speak with the authority of one who had spoken with those who had talked with Dante. The others only corrected his details or gleaned subsequent traditions. The most interesting part of Dr. Moore's book to the majority of his readers will doubtless be the chapter in which he sums up the "Characteristics of Dante" that may be gathered from his early biographers. Boccaccio's description of his appearance corresponds exactly with the death-mask. A slow and dignified gait, a grave and thoughtful expression, a punctilious neatness in dress, taciturnity, broken only by keen retorts, are characteristics ascribed to him by all writers. But the qualities of his heart and soul are to be found in Dante's own writings, and the records of the biographers only contain judgments drawn from their own reading of what Dante wrote. Boccaccio's statement that Dante was "alto e disdegno molto" has passed into a commonplace; and perhaps Dr. Moore has taken overmuch pains to determine the limits within which this judgment is to be accepted. The quality which Boccaccio is describing is that which Aristotle described long ago, *μεγάλων ἀξιῶν ἀνθρώποι*. It is a quality especially abhorrent from the English temperament, in which a sense of duty is accompanied by personal reserve which excludes an artistic view of individual life and its relations to its surroundings. But it was this view of the individual life which prevailed in Italy and rendered possible the movement of the Renaissance. Dante was in this, as in other things, a precursor of a new age; he analysed his position towards the world, and expressed the results of his analysis in a consciousness of personal worth. The moral value of such a consciousness will differ with individuals. It is not in itself exclusive of humility, which arises from an estimate of self, not in relation to the actual world, but in relation to our ideal. It may degenerate into insolence, as it did in many of the Italian princes of the fifteenth century; or it may become a form of literary affectation, as it did in many of the Elizabethan sonneteers who assured their mistresses of immortality in their now forgotten verses. But in the case of Dante it was merely the expression of confidence that he had risen above the fleeting forms of transitory things to a grasp upon eternal principles, that he was not at the mercy of current ideas or vulgar ambitions, but pursued a fixed purpose and was master of himself. To him had come the message:—"Te sospira corono e mitrio;" he was his own priest and king.

We need not follow Dr. Moore into other questions relating to Dante's personal character. We agree with him that Boccaccio's charge of licentiousness may have arisen from a too literal interpretation of Dante's feelings of humiliation before Beatrice in the thirtieth canto of the *Purgatorio*. Dante admits, and it is an

* *Dante and his Early Biographers*. By Edward Moore, D.D. London: Rivingtons. 1890.

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important part of the record of his soul's pilgrimage, that there was a period of his life in which the ideal of youth was obscured by the temptations of the world. But Dante's language expresses inward feeling rather than outward fact, and is not to be taken literally. However valuable Dante's biographers may be, they must be interpreted by our conception of Dante himself as gathered from his own lips. He does not attempt to conceal his own failings, but tells us of the growth of a character which is real and consistent.

One source of interest which attaches to any piece of critical work is the light that it throws on criticism in general. Dr. Moore is fully conscious how much he has gained from the study of the existing materials of Dante's life. He says, with truth and cogency:

We may, indeed, feel thankful that the comparatively recent date of Dante, and his connection with some stubbornly attested historical facts, has hitherto saved the poet himself from being evaporated into a myth (as has sometimes been the fate of Beatrice Portinari, who is not similarly protected by history): otherwise we can scarcely doubt that the perverse ingenuity of modern, and especially German, criticism would have disposed of him long ago.

He points out that not a line of Dante's handwriting exists; that his name *Dante*, or *Durante*, means *the giver*, or *the much-enduring*, and *Alighieri* means *the winged one*. His poem contains many small inconsistencies and anachronisms; there are many unexpected omissions of events and persons. There are also differences in language in different cantos of the work. There is an ample field for criticism to assert that Dante never existed, and that his poem was the production of many hands. We are only saved from controversy on the point by the accident that Dante lived in a city which enjoyed the dubious advantage of a constitution which provided perilous employment for all its chief citizens. Unhappily for Dante, and, it may be added, for his possible critics, he was Prior of Florence, and was involved in practical politics, which have their record elsewhere than in his poems. But it is worth while reflecting on the ways of criticism in pinning its web round victims who did not happen to combine literature with politics. For a proper appreciation of the value of the critical method, it is necessary to collect negative instances, and consider what might have been done but for untoward circumstances.

On one point we do not find ourselves in agreement with Dr. Moore. He quotes Dante's description of his change from earth to heaven—"from human to divine, from time to eternity, from Florence to a people just and sane"—as an instance of a satirical climax for which he finds a parallel in Heine. The passage seems rather to be an example of the intense personality of Dante, which gives reality to the whole of the *Divina Commedia*. The book does not deal with man in the abstract, but centres round the individual Dante, who carries with him into the unseen world his own life and character, with its loves and hates, its personal and political aspirations; in fact, all its actual surroundings. To him Florence was the particular instance of "things human" which he had left, and it was no stroke of literary art, but the simple expression of the actual fact, which led to the seemingly abrupt contrast of his new and his old surroundings.

Once only do we find Dr. Moore slipping. On p. 89 he places at Ravenna, and on p. 127 at Verona, the story of the two old women who saw in Dante's cristed beard and dark colour the signs of the smoke of the infernal regions which he had visited.

NOVELS.*

THERE is a promise of fun in the very title of *The Man with a Secret*, Mr. Fergus Hume's latest production. It would seem to be a very subtle and well-timed skit upon the extravagant and ludicrous "Penny Dreadful" class of novel which—in the present decadent state of literary taste—is disputing the palm with the "barbaric" style of romance. Mr. Hume has handled his travesty with so light a touch that it is highly probable that at least one reader in ten will be caught in the booby-trap which has been waggishly set for him, and will solemnly plod through the three volumes of this light-hearted extravaganza under the impression that he is reading a seriously written novel. The most elementary humourist cannot fail to perceive, however, as soon as he has read a few pages, that the "man with a secret" is the author

* *The Man with a Secret*. A Novel. By Fergus Hume, Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Madame Midas," "The Piccadilly Puzzle," "Miss Mephistopheles," &c. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1890.

Ida: an Adventure in Morocco. By Mabel Collins. 1 vol. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

Tarar. A Romance. By the Author of "Thoth." 1 vol. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1890.

The Scudamores. A Novel. By F. C. Phillips, Author of "As in a Looking Glass," and C. J. Wills, Author of "A Pit Town Coronet"; Joint Authors of "The Fatal Phryne" and "Sybil Ross's Marriage." 2 vols. London: Gardner & Co. 1890.

An Unwilling Wife. A Tale of the Indian Mutiny. By Alice Clifton, Author of "Claude Branca's Promise." London: Remington & Co. 1890.

Madame Leroux. By Frances Eleanor Trollope, Author of "That Unfortunate Marriage," "Black Spirits and White," &c. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1890.

himself—and that the secret in question is simply that the apparently gruesome tale is really only a wild boyish freak on the part of Mr. Fergus Hume. In his satirical vein he selects for his *dramatis personae* all the characters with which sensational miscellanies have made us familiar. He gives us the beautiful-natured self-sacrificing girl—a lively caricature, of course, of the delightful heroines of some of Mr. Besant's novels who have for years been humbly copied in penny weeklies—who bends forward in a graceful "pose," and who refuses—in Gilbertian mock heroics—to release the young hero from his engagement to her as soon as she discovers he is heir to a large property. He describes the hero with a "tall, lithe figure," "decidedly handsome, with an olive complexion," &c. He grotesquely presents to us the impossibly extravagant imitation of Dickens character—with which the hack-writer frequently endeavours ineffectually to enliven his stories—whom he calls Miss Cassandra Challoner, or "Miss Cassy," whom he first introduces with a tea-cosy on her head, and otherwise makes duly unnatural and tedious. He has also the mysterious Wilkie Collins nurse—"in a slate-coloured dress, with an expressionless white face, and smooth black hair drawn back over her finely-shaped head . . . a strangely mournful face it was, as if the shadow of a great sorrow had fallen across it, and would never be lifted"—who, naturally, in a burlesque novel, turns out to have been seduced by the villain, and to be by him the mother of the hero, and so forth, and who is happily named Patience Allerby. There is the muscular Christian rector, who freely quotes from Valpy's *Delectus "Eheu fugaces!"* "You can hardly call him '*integer vita*,'" "*Non haec jocosa convenient lyre,*" and similar classical platitudes by the yard; the patient blind girl who plays the organ in church; the good-hearted but weak-minded doctor with a tendency to drink, who, against his will, assists the villain; and, finally, the villain himself, with an everlasting cigarette. "It was a curious face upon which shone the red sunlight, being long and narrow, with lantern jaws, and a thin, hawk-like nose. Threadlike black eyebrows in a straight line above piercing dark eyes, and a scanty black moustache twisted jauntily at the ends over tightly-closed lips. Curly hair, the colour of ebony, worn longer than usual, and touched at the temples with grey, appeared from under his soft wideawake, around which was twisted a blue handkerchief with white spots. A livid cadaverous-looking face, with the haggard expression of one who had led a fast life; nevertheless, it appeared full of animation and nervous energy." All of which (with the exception of the coloured handkerchief round the hat, which is perhaps a little exaggerated) is very just and well-moderated chaff at the conventional absurdities of the "Shilling Shockers" (as it is sometimes called). We do not know why the author omits the detective (with a weakness for flowers, or birds, or mathematics) and the foreign accomplice and the mad-doctor; but we venture to hope that Mr. Hume, with a chuckle up his sleeve, is only reserving these for some future satire. He has a sly dig at the pitfalls into which the hasty writer is apt to fall in his account of a midnight drive, where he describes "tall trees on either side, some gaudy with the yellow and red of their autumnal foliage," despite the fact that the scenery is "grey and colourless under the pale light of the moon"; and also the night, "so still, so silent," although the trees are "tossing their leafless branches in the chill wind," and the "keen wind" is "whistling shrilly" in the ears of his traveller. However, we would venture to suggest that the next time Mr. Hume paints one of these fantastic caricatures he should work more with the broad brush and less with the camel's-hair pencil, for many of his minute shadings will escape the eye of the casual spectator. His villain, though, could hardly be improved on. His name is "Basil Beaumont." He is a cynic, so of course he is made to ejaculate such sounds as "Bah!" "Humph!" and "Ouf!" and also to dabble in mythology and philosophy, to speak of the "Great God Circumstance," and (more familiarly, for has he not a natural son?) of "Dan Cupid." This, really, is scarcely burlesque; it is almost an unexaggerated reproduction of a shilling novelette scoundrel. In his scenes with the woman he has wronged he naturally addresses her always in full as "Patience Allerby," and she him as "Basil Beaumont," or else as "Man-Man!" This gentleman has one delightful repartee to the blind girl:—"I only came to tell you, she says, 'that you will never see him again—never!' 'Neither will you,' he returned brutally. The poor girl burst into tears at the unmanly taunt." But the following paragraph, which transcends the most brilliant efforts of such masters of the art of burlesque as Mr. Burnand and Mr. Bret Harte, tells most of the plot of Mr. Hume's exuberantly satirical *escapade*. The hero, through having in his possession a certain paper and a ring, has unexpectedly come into a large fortune on the death of the Old Squire, and, being puzzled by this fact, he naturally, according to the laws of extravaganza, consults the villain:—

"I can explain that very easily," replied Beaumont, taking some papers out of his breast coat pocket. "When I came down here a few months ago, I heard of the Squire's madness regarding his re-incarnation, and by means of a hypnotic sleep I found out from his own lips that he intended to leave all his property to a fictitious son, who was to be himself in a new body. Being under my control in the hypnotic state, he showed me where the paper and ring were hidden. I took them from their hiding-place, and filled up the paper with your name and that of Fanny Blake. I then enclosed the ring and paper in an envelope which the Squire had directed to you, re-sealed it, and, getting the keys of his desk, placed them therewith, where they were found. You understand?"

Mr. Fergus Hume is evidently a very observant and pitiless

satirist. This trenchant travesty of his should prove the death-blow to the class of novel it so closely burlesques.

There is a good deal of interesting and picturesque description in Miss Mabel Collins's *Ida*, notably that of the heroine's ride from Tangier to Tetuan, and of the Sultan's procession into that town; but the story is unpleasant. It deals with the susceptibility of a young English wife—who boasts that she is "not religious"—to the attentions of a kind of Moorish courier. Miss Collins aggravates the objection to her choice of subject by her vivid style. We trust she will soon give us an opportunity to bestow upon her work less qualified praise. By the way, why do Messrs. Ward & Downey disfigure the cover of *Ida* with such a hideous picture, representing some kind of monstrosity with a wounded head?

It is fortunate that the title-page of *Toxar* is fortified by the guarantee contained in the words "by the author of *Thoth*," or the casual reader might be scared away by the classical period and language in which the novel is written. It is a good book of its kind, and it is high praise of its author's skill to say that, with all its faults of pedantry and precision, it is a book which can be read. The prologue is ingeniously written—that is to say, although it professes to be a description by "Zenophilus, the celebrated philosopher and physician," of a somewhat puerile conversation between himself and his pupils, it is far less tedious than one would anticipate. The two following chapters—that is to say, the first two chapters of the book—are really excellent. The description of the desecration of the tomb of the founder of the city by Antinous—who is a kind of n.c. Guy Livingstone—and of the manner in which he shifts the blame of the act upon the "chief ruler" his enemy—much as the A.D. Guy Livingstone would have done—is as good as possible and deserving of all praise; but afterwards, as soon as the author has introduced a certain unhumorous slave, who is described, and who describes himself *ad nauseam*, as the "Man of Means," the author becomes apparently hypnotized by Mr. Rider Haggard, whom we prefer in himself and original. The two final chapters and the needless epilogue (an outcome of the oppressive sense of neatness and balance to which we previously made allusion) are the weakest part of the book, as the opening chapters are the best.

When an amateur author presents to the public a "first attempt" which is flimsy, spun-out, and commonplace, one is inclined to "discharge him with a caution." But the case is altered when the work in question is produced by such experienced and skilful craftsmen as Mr. F. C. Philips and Mr. C. J. Wills. In the first volume of *The Scudamores* they show workmanship in the manner in which they manipulate the trivial material out of which they have elected to make their story. But, having displayed this small exhibition of dexterity for the sake of their reputation, they vamp the rest of their work with masses of padding. Chapters which have apparently no bearing whatever on the plot are forced in in order to swell a novelette into a novel. A character—absolutely purposeless as far as the story is concerned—is introduced, for instance; a Mr. Waffles, an impossible actor, clean-shaved, with a mysterious purple-black moustache, and a curly chestnut wig:

He had on a brown velvet coat, a coloured vest, a huge watch-chain of mosaic gold, and a pair of nether garments of a black and white check, upon which one could easily have played a game of chess. He wore straps, and very shiny boots.

He comes to visit the lady of his heart, and the following is a specimen of the humorous dialogue which is put into his mouth:

"Tis she!" suddenly cried Mr. Waffles, striking an attitude and flinging his hat upon the sofa; "tis she I love. Oh, let me clasp thee to my manly chest! Oh, come and nestle there, my little dove, in safety and in happiness; for many happy days are yet in store for Ben Bolt and the bright-eyed lass that loves him!"

"Law! Mr. Waffles, you take one all aback," cried Polly. "And how did you come here, Mr. Waffles?"

"Lady, I flew upon the wings of love! Mary, me chield, who is this stranger here?"

And then Mr. Waffles inserted what he called an "aside" in a sort of loud, husky whisper, which seemed to come from the back of his head. "That Cassius has a lean and hungry look. Would he were fatter; but I fear him not!"

"I had better introduce you, I suppose," said Polly, "or you will be tearing each other's eyes out. I need hardly tell you, Mr. Scudamore," she continued, "that this is the celebrated Mr. Waffles."

"Tis I, my lord, the early village cock," cried Waffles.

And so on for several pages. We venture with due deference to state that men who can do, and have done, such able work as Messrs. Philips and Wills have no right to foist such indifferent stuff as this upon the public.

An Unwilling Wife is considerably above the average of new novels in theme, style, and characterization. The incident on which the whole story hinges is, it is true, rather improbable; but improbability is, after all, a very venial fault in a story, if, indeed, it be a fault at all. The scene is laid in the North-West Provinces of India in the spring of 1857. A young officer named Dennis Carey is riding to Canapore, and stops for a night at a little military station called Morfussabad, where he is welcomed by the officer in command, Major Berners (a name familiar to amateur actors through the medium of that popular farce, *Cut Off With a Shilling*). Almost at the same moment the Major's daughter, Isabel, arrives unexpectedly from Europe. It is essential that she should at once be sent on to Canapore, as

mutiny is hourly expected at Morfussabad. The only available escort is Captain Carey; but even in a matter of life and death her old martinet of a father will not permit Miss Berners to travel with a young unmarried officer to whom she has only just been introduced. Carey is starting immediately with his escort, he is most anxious to take charge of her, and all would be well "if it wasn't for the arbitrary rule of etiquette," as Mr. W. S. Gilbert has expressed it. The gallant young captain suggests the only arrangement which will satisfy the Major's sense of propriety—he proposes instant matrimony. A missionary is found in the village who that afternoon marries Isabel—much against her will—to Dennis Carey, and the young couple immediately start through the jungle for Canapore. After this incident—the like of which, we venture to think, can have been by no means an everyday occurrence even so long ago as in 1857—the story runs on naturally enough. The husband and wife are extremely unhappy together—or rather apart—for they stay with different hosts in Canapore. Each expects the other to be the first to make friendly overtures, and the result is prolonged sulkiness on both sides. Captain Carey leads various *sorties* and relief expeditions (in the course of one of which a pretty little romance occurs, which, we trust, has never reached Isabel's ears), and performs a number of deeds of extraordinary valour. The estrangement between the two is very naturally described, but lasts a little too long for the comfort even of the reader. They are at last reconciled, and it is a pity that the author did not dwell at much greater length on the reconciliation, for it is a very pleasant relief to the tone of unhappiness which pervades the story. Perhaps the best piece of descriptive writing in the book is the account of the siege by natives of the Residency at Dubblepore, and especially of the breakfast presided over by Ellice Rivers, the daughter of the late resident colonel. The author describes with extraordinary vividness the disorder of the room, and the cheerful matter-of-fact conversation of the officers, who do their best to entertain her and make things as pleasant as possible for her, although the attack on the Residency by overwhelming numbers of Sepoys has already begun. A Mrs. Robertson—the vulgar but fairly amiable wife of a major at Canapore—and her daughters are described with lightness and humour.

It is almost a pity that Mrs. Trollope has quite so fluent a pen. It runs just as easily and pleasantly whether she has anything to say or whether she has not. Her last book reads as though—*as being approached by Messrs. Bentley*—she had said to herself, "What story have I to tell and how shall I tell it?" but "Let me see—three volumes—say 180,000 words—6,000 words a day—that will take me just a month." The result—*Madame Leroux*, a novel in three volumes (which might just as well have been in one, or in four, or in forty), has no serious faults. It meanders along in an agreeable, conventional manner. It is, in fact, just the book to suit that vast sect of elderly gentlewomen at the seaside who wish to read from morning till night, but who would consider it heretical to acquire a new idea, and immodest to experience an emotion. And to this extent it will usefully fill a gap if there still be one—in the shelves of the circulating library. But Mrs. Trollope has so many of the higher qualities of a novelist—besides being past-mistress of the mechanical part of her work—that we wish she would aim higher, and give us a story *without* the well-endowed girl of high family devoted to her penniless companion, who, on the other hand, is snubbed by her little friend's haughty relations, who goes through adversity, and finally marries honest Dick Avon of Avonthorpe. We have become rather tired, too, of the querulous old nobleman with light blue eyes and a taste for book-collecting, who fancies himself an invalid and who has to die before the third volume; and of the scheming, hypocritical country attorney and the comic village grocer. But Zephyrus is an original character, fairly well portrayed, an observant Oriental, a teacher of languages with a good heart and powerful will; and so is Adolphus Hawkins, a promoter of bogus Companies, who conceals a kindly nature under a fraudulent exterior; Professor Tudway Didear, an advertising dentist, who starves and otherwise ill-treats a number of young girl secretaries, is also amusingly sketched. Mme. Leroux herself—though conventional to the extent of being the irresistibly fascinating woman without a heart—is an ambitious character for an author to endeavour to describe in such a manner as to carry conviction. We are glad to gather that Mrs. Trollope is a good deal more familiar with life in the stately country houses of England than with existence in the shifty, orderless society which she endeavours to describe as reigned over of an evening by Mme. Leroux; we hasten to add, however, that there is nothing in this or any other part of the book to raise a blush on the cheek even of a spinster of fifty.

CLIVE.*

OF the two distinguished contributors to the series of "English Men of Action" who have had the hardihood to double upon Macaulay's two famous Indian essays, Sir Charles Wilson has, we think, had a harder task than Sir Alfred Lyall to do brilliantly; but he has had one easier to do "after a sort," as Captain Costlett served the King. Although it is a less di-

* *English Men of Action—Clive.* By Colonel Sir Charles Wilson. London: Macmillan & Co.

tinguished effort of intellectual gymnastics than the "Warren Hastings," the "Clive" is, on the whole, the best of Macaulay's performances in its own line. It was written when the influence of India was freshest on the writer's mind and its subject gave the best possible occasion to his flood of sparkling rhetoric. Moreover, he had little prejudice to overcome, and, therefore, no occasion to exhibit that astonishing, if not wholly admirable, faculty of misrepresentation which causes a friendly difference in the estimate formed of him as an historian by some persons who do not greatly differ in their estimate of him as a man of letters. Clive, if he was anything, was in English politics a Whig; Hastings, if he was anything, was in English politics a Tory—that is to say, a man who was born wicked and had made himself wickeder. Further, there are no "problems" in Clive's life to require, as the Nuncomar, the Impey, the Begum, and all the other problems in Hastings' life require, the exercise of the judge's skill as distinguished from the skill of the advocate. In the one dubious act in his career there may be said to be nothing dubious at all. The forging, or the instructions to forge, Admiral Watson's name to the "red Treaty" need hardly be argued about. The one argument, if it is to be called such, that has ever, so far as we know, been advanced for Clive, the argument that it was necessary to meet Orientals with Oriental weapons, is upset at once, from the lowest no less than from the highest side, by the unanswerable contention that Clive threw away the strongest of all weapons that an Englishman has in such conflicts, the belief that his word will be kept. A paradoxer of the extremest type might, indeed, contend that it must have been so unpleasant to Clive to do what he did that the unpleasantness washed out his sin; but this would not suit English taste. Generally speaking, the life of the conqueror of Plassey is all plain sailing; and in plain sailing Macaulay is very bad to beat. Even independently of his gift of writing, he seems to us to have had some advantages over Sir Charles, who does not, for instance, appear to appreciate, as Macaulay did, the humour of that ingenious Oriental who defended himself from Meer Jaffier's charge of disrespect to Clive by declaring that he never got up in the morning without making three low bows to Clive's jackass. And he shares too decidedly the view of some regular soldiers as to Clive's military achievements. The following passage is a little grudging:—

In this, the first period of his career, Clive had shown that he possessed, in its fullest extent, that most striking of all human qualities—true valour. He had rendered himself conspicuous by volunteering for all services of danger, and by exhibiting in them a rare combination of daring courage, sound judgment, quickness of apprehension, and readiness of resource. To personal danger he was absolutely indifferent; for death he had a lofty contempt; in sudden emergencies his presence of mind was remarkable; his heroic spirit rose superior to the depressing influences of disease; when hostilities were imminent the gloom that overshadowed his life disappeared; the din of battle, the smell of powder, steadied his nerves and cleared his head, and the excitement of action served but to increase the activity of his mind. Born with an *unfounded genius for war*, he *never received that training which would have made him a great general*. *He was no consummate master of the art of war like Marlborough, Napoleon, or Wellington*. There is little trace of skilful combination in his plans, and on some occasions he appears to have neglected the most obvious military precautions. To seek the enemy and on finding him, to attack with headlong valour seems to have been his guiding principle, and his successes were due rather to his personal intrepidity, and to his power of inspiring large masses of men with confidence, than to studied plans or dexterous manoeuvres. His influence over natives was unbounded; and he possessed in an eminent degree the qualities requisite in a successful leader of native troops. No man more fully understood their character, or more completely won their confidence. His insensibility to danger and his reckless courage exerted such magic influence over their minds that they were ready to follow him in the most desperate enterprises. His men believed that wherever he went glory and victory followed; throughout India he was known as Sabat Jung (Daring in War); and it may be said of him, as it was of Napoleon, that his presence on the field of battle was equivalent to forty thousand men.

Now George II. was a martinet trained in the strictest school of Marlborough; and yet he made no mistake about Clive. It may surely be contended that to "seek the enemy and attack with headlong valour" was exactly, *in the circumstances*, the course to pursue; and we have yet to learn that the greatest of commanders can do better than suit his course to his circumstances. Again, there was something more than the "qualities requisite to lead natives" in the man who made a victorious force, against great odds and European enemies, out of the gang of English runaways and gaol-sweepings who followed Clive to attack Covilam and Chingleput. The great defence of Arcot may be technically ruled out, because, as Black Agnes and Lady Derby, besides others, have shown, to stand a siege requires more fortitude than science. But, if Clive showed little trace of combination, may not that be in part because he generally overthrew the enemy on the first plan? And did not the operations against the Dutch show combination?

Moreover, odious as is the *argumentum ad hominem*, we cannot help remembering that poor creature in this matter. Clive "neglected the most obvious military precautions," he "did not indulge in studied plans and dexterous manoeuvres," he was "not a great general." Soit: let us bow to the expert. But Clive won Plassey, he held Arcot, he made head against Dupleix and Dupleix's generals, he checkmated the Dutch, he founded the English Empire in India. Let us grant that so fertile is England in great men that any one of our generals nowadays would have done the same. May not the unruly mind, on the other hand, ask what Clive would have done at Maiwand, at Majuba, nay, if we may have that audacity, at Metemneh? There were present on all three of

these occasions, in command, soldiers who had had that thing which Clive unfortunately lacked, a regular military education. Can we conceive Clive going into action or concluding action in any manner at all resembling that which is commemorated by an exceedingly large lion in the public gardens of the Forbury at Reading? Can we conceive Clive going wool-gathering up a hill perpendicular after posting reserves most mathematically on the route, but without giving orders what to do, without himself knowing what he in his turn was going to do when he got to his destination? And when he got to that destination, keeping his men to be potted at by sharpshooters without attempting retaliation, and without even providing the ghost of cover by rampart, shelter-trench, or so much as a row of biscuits and water-bottles? Can we, still more, conceive Clive succeeding to the command after a victory harder fought than any of his own, knowing that on every second turned not merely the life of a great Englishman, but the honour of England, and yet pausing to arrange combinations, study plans, and concoct manœuvres while the precious hours were slipping away? Surely on that occasion some one might justly have exclaimed: "Oh, for one hour of Clive," or of any one who, as we are told Clive did, thought of nothing but seeking the enemy and attacking with headlong valour. But these matters are *civis dolosus*, and we need not tread longer on them. Perhaps a still more legitimate cause of quarrel with Sir Charles may be found in the fact that he has neglected to produce in detail the results of the study which he has no doubt given even to Orme, much more to lesser chroniclers, scandalous and other, in regard to Clive. His account is slightly more detailed than Macaulay's, from whom he quotes occasionally and borrows freely, and on one or two points (such as Forde's very remarkable exploits in the Deccan) he has dwelt on matters which are well worth dwelling on, but which Macaulay has omitted altogether. But the deeds of those worthies who founded our Indian Empire are so unaccountably and disgracefully ignored by the average Englishman, that not only was there room for the supplying of these things, but the supply of them was imperatively required. We should say that the chief fault of his book is that he has been too much under the bondage of his brilliant predecessor, that he has rather filled in the outline of the *Essay* with a few extra details, most of them relating to the last melancholy years of Clive's life, than arranged *de novo*, from original and secondary authorities, a solid, if brief, history of his hero's exploits as a man of action. It is no doubt discouraging and unsatisfactory to have such a *devancier* as Macaulay, but by far the most satisfactory way of being even with him for his impertinence in coming before is to follow him as little as possible. In the other case we have mentioned, that of Warren Hastings, it is indeed impossible not so to follow, because prejudice and misrepresentation have to be fought at every turn. With Clive this is not so, and it should be possible, with the sources of information now at command, to take a tolerably independent line. We do not say that Sir Charles is parasitic, but he seems (in the words of the excellent joke quoted above) to have made his three low bows a little too regularly every morning.

Sir Charles has, however, given a straightforward and intelligible account of Clive's life, and one free from all obtrusions of self, bumptiousnesses of style, and other besetting sins of the present day. He has quoted judiciously, and not excessively, from Clive's own nervous letters. And so we wish his book, though it might have been much better, a wide circulation, for few stories are at once more stimulating and more full of warning. Had certain persons of our time—it is unnecessary to name them—been supreme in field and council then, there had been no British Indian Empire. To rule the folk at home justly and to fly straight at the throat of the enemy abroad—that is pretty nearly the whole duty of public man. And Clive did it.

HISTORY OF ART IN SCOTLAND.*

M R. BRYDALL has written what is, on the whole, a good book, though its title is not properly descriptive of its contents. Art is never a local thing, and certainly never has any continuous local history. It flourishes most strongly here at one time, there at another. Flanders, Italy, Spain, France, Holland, all have their turn at riding on the crest of the wave. Moreover, one art leads at one time and another at another. At one moment Gothic architecture may be culminating in the *Île de France*; if so, then the *Île de France* is for the time the leading art-centre of all countries within its possible range. The scene presently changes; architecture declines, and painting becomes the leading art, with its centre of greatest power in Flanders or Florence, as the case may be.

The only possible History of Art, therefore, must be free from all bondage both of locality and of material. It is impossible to write either a history of any one art or a history of all the arts in any one country. The only thing that can be written is a history of the succession of the culminating arts, without regard to the place where each culminated in its turn. Art in Scotland was first a part of Celtic art, and must then be treated as a chapter in the history of Celtic art. Next Norman art took possession of the country, and was in its turn succeeded by

* *History of Art in Scotland*. By Robert Brydall. London: Blackwood & Son.

French and English feudal art. Later still, when painting arose, it was merely as a branch of the Flemish School. Similarly, the centre of the Classical revival has to be sought elsewhere. In this respect Scotland is not different from any other country.

Mr. Brydall, therefore, has been unable to write a History of Art in Scotland. He has, however, written a very good book about works of art existing, or known to have existed, in Scotland; and he has collected together a great deal of valuable information about Scottish artists of all dates. So large an amount of material of these kinds has not been brought together before. The volume in which it is contained possesses, therefore, a permanent value as a book of reference, besides being full of interest for the intelligent reader. A similar book about arts and artists in England is one of the needs which no one has yet attempted to supply.

The most ancient existing remains of art in Scotland are the rudely-carved stones and crosses, which seem to have been made since the earliest Christian period. Doubtless, in pre-Christian days the setting up of stones, either as religious emblems or monuments of the dead, was common in Scotland. Instead of overthrowing, the Christian missionaries wisely consecrated them and left them standing. In the popular mind they still retained their heathen properties of banishing demons, protecting against wild beasts, and the like.

Of Celtic architecture but little can be expected to remain. Prior to the eighth century there was nothing but wooden architecture. About the tenth century round towers begin to appear. A little church at Abernethy and a tower at Brechin are both of about this period, and they possess certain rude sculptures to which very early dates are assigned. The beginnings of Norman influence are seen in the beautiful twelfth-century church at Dalmeny; and from King David's time onwards the Celtic style may be said to have ceased, and been replaced by the Norman or Ecclesiastic style.

The leading Celtic art, however, was never architecture or sculpture, but metal-work, and of this many valuable specimens remain. Up to the present time the relation between the Celtic and Norse styles has not been made plain, and it may hereafter be shown that, not Ireland, but the coast of the Baltic, was the real centre of this style. The Norse influence was, of course, very powerful in Scotland; Mr. Brydall has not taken sufficient account of it.

In the thirteenth and following centuries what there was of Scotch art went through the same changes and developments as the arts of other West-European countries—only with this qualification, that, whereas England lagged behind the Continent, Scotland lagged behind England. The art of illumination was practised with some success, and a certain amount of employment was found for both local and foreign architectural sculptors on the chief ecclesiastical and royal buildings of the period. The only art, however, which seems to have taken root amongst the people was that of wood-carving, good examples of which, of a distinctly national character, are found at all dates and in many widely-sundered localities.

It is worthy of remark that Aberdeen seems to have been for several centuries the most artistic town in Scotland. The so-called portrait of William the Lion, preserved in Trinity Hall, and the portrait of Bishop Elphinstone, in King's College, are the two earliest existing Scotch pictures, though the painters of them may not have been Scotchmen. Aberdeen stood in close commercial relation with the Northern Continental ports, and especially with Bruges. Hence the less successful Flemish artists may have been tempted now and again to come over and try their fortune in the Scotch city. A good many Flemish pictures may well enough have been exported to Scotland by this route; but the majority of them have long ago been destroyed. The most famous existing Flemish pictures in Scotland are the wings of the altar-piece formerly in Trinity Church, Edinburgh, and now, after many wanderings preserved at Holyrood. They contain portraits of James III. and James IV., and were exhibited at the Stuart Exhibition, where they attracted much attention. They have been ascribed at haphazard to Hugo van der Goes, and to his school and period; they certainly belong, though the name of the painter may never be discovered. Another Flemish portrait of James IV. is known by a copy of Mytens's copy of it.

Throughout the sixteenth century it is clear that there was a growing taste for art among some of the Scotch nobility. This was due as much to Flemish as to French influence. It is to be regretted that Mr. Brydall has not made more use of Mr. George Scharf's excellent letters to the *Times* on the portraits of Mary Queen of Scots. The Stuart Exhibition, too, would have afforded him some valuable materials, of which he does not seem to have made the use that might have been expected.

The Reformation was accompanied in Scotland by a more thorough destruction of mediæval works of art than in any other country. It was only by miracle that anything escaped. Year after year and decade after decade this destruction was carefully continued. Such letters as the following were circulated by authority:—

Trais friendis, after maist hearty commendacion, we pray you fail not to pass incontinent to the kirk of —, and tak down the haill images thereof, and bring furth to the kirk-zayrd, and burn thaym oppinly. And silyke cast down the alteris and purge the kirk of all kynd of monuments of idolatrye. And this ye fail not to do, as ye will do us singular emplesour; and so committis you to the protection of God.

It was alongside of this ruthless destruction of all things

mediæval that the beginnings of a really native art were arising. The demand that had to be satisfied was for portrait-painters. At first foreigners had still to be fetched over to do the work that was wanted. The first Court painter was appointed by James VI. in the person of the Fleming, Arnold Bronkhorst. He is recorded to have been paid sixty-four pounds (probably Scots) for painting three portraits, and was besides given a hundred merks "as an gratitudo for his repairing to this country."

A real native Scotch painter of some ability was at last born at Aberdeen in the year 1587. This was the well-known George Jamesone. He was the son of an architect, and received his education at Antwerp, in the Rubens's studio. In 1620 he returned to Aberdeen, but soon moved on to Edinburgh, where he painted numerous portraits, amongst others one of Charles I., which has, unfortunately, disappeared. He died at Edinburgh in 1644. From this time forward the supply of portrait-painters never ceased in Scotland. John Scougal was the best of them in the last half of the seventeenth century. He was succeeded by Sir John Medina, the son of a Spaniard, born in Brussels, and who only settled in Edinburgh after practising for a time in London. He was one of several foreigners to whom Scotland gave employment. On the other hand, not a few Scots found recognition as painters abroad, but none of them can be considered as belonging to any "Scotch school." John Smibert, born at Edinburgh in 1684, was one of these. He began as a house-painter, moved up to London, and took to coach-painting, then worked his way to Italy, where he learnt the higher branches of his art. He was one of the band of enthusiasts who, along with Dean Berkeley, were shipped off to the Bermudas in the year 1728 to found a sort of college, in which the children of the natives were to be taught "Christian duties, civil knowledge, and the fine arts." The scheme of course came to nothing, and so Smibert settled for a couple of years at Newport, in Rhode Island, where he painted a picture of Berkeley and his family, now preserved at Yale College, and believed to be the first figure-picture painted in the New World.

In the eighteenth century the founding of Academies was being continually attempted both in England and Scotland. The Academy of St. Luke was started at Edinburgh in 1729, and lasted for a short time; young Allan Ramsay, the son of the poet, was one of the members. He afterwards grew to be a good portrait-painter. In 1752 two patriotic printers of Glasgow, named Foulis, made a plucky but unsuccessful attempt to found an Academy there, and out of this school came David Allen, the forerunner of Wilkie. The Society for the Encouragement of Arts was founded about the middle of the eighteenth century, and the first Government art school, the Board of Trustees' Academy in Edinburgh, was opened in 1760. This Academy, after a long and on the whole serviceable existence, was eventually engulfed in the South Kensington organization. The Institution for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts in Scotland formed in 1819 was the first body that organized regular exhibitions. Finally in 1826 the meeting was held which resulted in the formation of the Royal Scottish Academy.

The remainder of Mr. Brydall's book consists of short biographies of artists of the last hundred years. The author has gathered a great many facts together, and formed a useful and interesting compendium. The whole book is fuller of anecdotes of artists and patrons than of criticism; but the work is clearly the result of honest research, and as such deserves to be received with gratitude and no little respect.

THREE MEDICAL BOOKS.*

EVERYTHING from the pen of the late Dr. Fothergill is pleasant reading, as well as being full of thought and suggestion. He was a man of remarkably sympathetic nature, and this quality had probably no small share in rendering his writings attractive. A dozen short chapters form the book under consideration. Each is a little essay in which some aspect of the town-dweller's life is contrasted with that of the countryman's—very much to the disadvantage of the former. In the introductory chapter various habits and customs of civilized life are mentioned which tend to physical degeneration, but the influence of which is not confined to towns. The author appears to regard as chief among these the prevalence of excessive tea-drinking and the almost exclusive use of white bread. The second chapter treats of the "Town Immigrant," and points out that, for the most part, it is those having quick brains and weak muscles who come to towns where, from the kind of work most plentiful, the former tell more than the latter. The iniquities and disease-bearing faults of jerry-building are fully exposed in the remarks on town houses. The surroundings of such houses as compared with those in a village are discussed in the fourth chapter, and the advantage which the country resident has in his freedom from the noises and smells caused by the neighbours, which are frequently such a nuisance in cities. Dr. Fother-

* *The Town Dweller.* By J. Milner Fothergill, M.D. London: H. L. Lewis.

How to Treat the Sick without Medicine. By James C. Jackson, M.D. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.; Glasgow: Thomas D. Morrison.

A Handbook for the Nursing of Sick Children. By Catherine J. Wood. London: Cassell & Co., Limited.

unsparingly condemns the air of large towns, and probably with regard to manufacturing places he is justified in so doing; but we have certainly somewhere read that the analysis of a specimen of air taken from the centre of Hyde Park, on a *clear* day, was not far behind one taken from a mountain top in point of purity; it is, however, unfortunately true that at certain times of the year days free from fog are the exception in London. The sixth chapter is headed "The water he drinks," and not very much is said in disparagement of it. It might have been truthfully stated that it is much better in quality than that used in many a country village, and that diphtheria and typhoid are more common in proportion to the population in the country than in towns. The seventh and eighth chapters on food and beverages will well repay a careful perusal. The great bulk of the work done in large towns is performed within doors, and consequently of a less healthy character than agricultural labour. With regard to amusements, it is notorious that the cities are the headquarters of athleticism; witness the crowd of rowing-boats on the Thames every Saturday and Sunday in summer; the cricket on every open space, however small; the assemblages of riflemen for drill and shooting; the football matches and paper-chases in winter, whatever the weather may be. We admit with some sorrow that the poorest section of the community is, for the most part, unable to participate in these sports, and applaud to the echo the efforts of those self-sacrificing men and women who spend their lives in endeavouring to put these, among other good things, within the reach of Lazarus. There can be no doubt that, as the author states, the tendency of town-life is to develop the nervous, at the expense of the muscular and nutritive, systems; yet, looking to results, we cannot think that the bright, and usually polite, town boy compares badly with the dull, bucolic youth, although the latter may have a better digestion; nor the intelligent artisan with the heavy ploughman—whose ideal heaven is "beer and skittles." The last chapter is on the progeny of town dwellers. It may be granted that town is not so healthful a residence for children as the country, and more particularly the seaside; but a walk through Kensington Gardens during the daylight hours would be sufficient to demonstrate to the observer that, if children are well fed and cared for, they may be full of health and vigour in London. In spite of all that may be said of the disadvantages under which town dwellers labour, the fact remains that the rate of mortality in London, and many of the large provincial towns, is not only low, but diminishes year by year, in spite of their increase in size. We may also mention that pulmonary consumption claims fewer victims among the poor of London than it does in many agricultural districts.

We know not what Dr. Jackson's professional reputation may be in the United States, but his book conveys to us the impression of being an elaborate puff of the establishment for invalids over which he presides. The author states in his opening chapter that, with reference to the opinions on the treatment of diseases which he holds, he is in a very large minority. After learning what these opinions are, we have no hesitation in hoping that, for the sake of suffering humanity, the minority may become smaller. In publishing this book the author has placed himself on the horns of a dilemma; for, if it be written for the public, he has entered into numerous details totally unsuitable for lay reading; and if, on the other hand, it be intended for the medical profession, the circulation which it obtains will be but small. A very considerable portion of it is occupied by accounts of marvelous cures said to have been effected by himself, similar in character to those with which we are too familiar in advertisements. The genuineness of Dr. Jackson's statements as to his "cures" may be judged by his assertion that, of seventy-five cases of epilepsy which have come under his care, he has *cured* seventy-five per cent. without the aid of drugs; that he has never had any difficulty in breaking up typhus or typhoid fever by *psycho-hygienic* treatment, and that his grandmother was cured of cancer of the stomach by careful diet. His assurance amounts to impertinence when he says, on p. 145:—"I think that not more than one person in ten pronounced by physicians to have heart disease ever has it." The value of his own diagnostic powers may be gauged by his belief that the distinction between typhus and typhoid is as follows:—"In the one case the disease is of a severer or more intensified type than in the other"—and by the fact that, in describing diabetes, he omits all mention of the presence of sugar. In spite of a somewhat limited knowledge of morbid conditions, Dr. Jackson does not hesitate to predict that, "as the psycho-hygienic treatment comes to be understood, death from diseases of any and every kind will become steadily less frequent, until at length persons who have excepted (?) and followed this philosophy of living will know nothing about sickness. They will live from birth, to death by old age, without aches or pains."

A Handbook for the Nursing of Sick Children is written by one who not only understands but loves her work. Considering how little is known by the average mother as to the proper method of nursing her children when sick, we do not think the excuse in the introductory chapter for placing this valuable little work in the hands of the public necessary. We are especially pleased with the following paragraph on p. 25:—"Education, in the highest sense of the word, is the furnishing the child with the weapons for this fight (the struggle between the higher and the lower nature) and teaching him how to use them; it is not cramming the head with knowledge, but the guiding and leading of the whole nature along the right road, and this education begins with birth."

Also with this among the general rules for nursing sick children:—"But there is one thing most essential—that the child must be dealt with truthfully; if it is going to be hurt, tell it so; if it has nasty medicine to take, do not make believe that it is nice, and that you like it; the child will find out the deceit and never believe you afterwards; but let it learn to trust your word, and you may do anything with it." The more technical chapters, on the care of children suffering from special diseases, are very good, and enter fully into details without being too diffuse. The last chapter contains many excellent recipes for the food of children both in sickness and health.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

OLD age usually softens asperities, and inclines men to dis- trust opinions which they have found to run counter to the sense of the better part of their fellow-creatures. With Mr. Martineau it is not so, and readers of his new volume, *The Seat of Authority in Religion*, pained as they may be to measure the increased width of the gulf that divides them from one so philosophical and so devout, will yet rejoice to see that he can hit harder than ever. The book falls into two parts. The first repeats Mr. Martineau's familiar argument in defence of Theism, based on the necessity of the Moral Law and the supremacy of Intuitive Conscience. The only question that the orthodox reader will feel disposed to raise on this section is, in what sense the conscience is supreme—whether it is to be regarded as the absolutely enlightened judge, or as capable of development, and as waiting for guidance. In other words, Is it above God, or below Him? Mr. Martineau will appear to many people to take the first of these alternatives, and place human reason at least on a level with its Creator, if not in the position of a superior. This is not an unfair conclusion from the second part of the book, which is an attack upon Christianity, as that term is understood by most of its professors. Where, asks Mr. Martineau, is Authority to be found, if not in Conscience alone? Two answers are possible. The Roman Catholic points to the Church, the Protestant to the Bible. Mr. Martineau then proceeds to discuss these two positions separately. The Roman Church claims to

* *The Seat of Authority in Religion*. By James Martineau. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1890.

The Scriptural Doctrine of Sacrifice and Atonement. By Alfred Cave, B.A., D.D. New edition, revised throughout, and partly rewritten. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1890.

Veni Creator: Thoughts on the Person and Work of the Holy Spirit of Promise. By the Rev. H. C. G. Moule, M.A., Principal of Ridley Hall, and formerly Fellow of Trinity Coll., Camb. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

The Soul in Conflict. By Marshall Tweddell, M.A., Vicar of St. Saviour, Paddington. London: Rivingtons. 1890.

Truths to Live by. By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., Archdeacon and Canon of Westminster. London: Wm. Isbister, Limited. 1890.

Heavenly Teachings in Earthly Proverbs. By Hester Douglas. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh. 1890.

Stories from the Quarry. By the Rev. R. Vaughan, Curate in charge of St. Mary's, South Shields. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

The One Mediator; or, Sacrifice and Sacraments. By William Humphrey, Priest of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns & Oates, Limited.

The Gospel of St. Matthew. By J. M. Gibson, M.A., D.D. (Expositor's Bible.) London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

Professor W. G. Elmslie, D.D.: Memoir and Sermons. Edited by W. E. Nicoll, M.A., LL.D., and A. N. MacNicoll. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

S. Cyprian's Life and Times. By G. A. Poole, M.A., sometime Rector of Winwick, Northants. (Ancient and Modern Library of Theol. Lit.) London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.

The City of God. By St. Augustine. Translated by J. H. Vol. I. (Ancient and Modern Library of Theol. Lit.) London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.

Is the Church of England Protestant? By Homershaw Cox, M.A., a Judge of County Courts. Third edition. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh. 1890.

Quaker Strongholds. By Caroline E. Stephen. London: Kegan Paul, Trübner, & Co., Limited. 1890.

Practical Reflections on Every Verse of the Psalter. With Preface by H. P. Liddon, D.D., D.C.L. London: Rivingtons. 1890.

Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth. By a Layman. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited. 1890.

The Gospel History of Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Arranged by C. C. James, M.A., Rector of Wortham, Suffolk, formerly Fellow of King's Coll., Camb., and Assistant Master at Eton Coll. London: Clay & Sons. 1890.

Summer Sundays in a Strathmore Parish. By the Rev. J. G. McPherson, M.A., Ph.D., F.R.S.E. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1890.

Sunday Afternoons in the Chapel for the Blind. By T. W. M. Lund, M.A. Liverpool: Edward Howell. 1890.

The Conversion of England. By E. H. Bousfield, M.A., of New Coll., Oxford, Curate of Leadgate. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.

Revelation and the Bible. By the Rev. W. D. Thomson, M.A., Lochend and New Abbey. Edinburgh: MacNiven & Wallace. 1890.

God in His World. London: Elliot Stock. 1890.

The Kingdom of Christ: Some Aspects of Missionary Service. By A. B. Tucker. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.

The Way Out of Agnosticism. By F. E. Abbot, Ph.D., late Instructor in Philosophy in Harvard Univ. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

Broad Lines; or, the True Thorough. By S. H. Keir Moilliet. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.

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possess four Notes—those of Unity, Sanctity, Universality, and Apostolicity. It does not possess them. The Protestant maintains that the Lord's Divinity is established by the New Testament. It is not established. Mr. Martineau attacks the New Testament from the old-fashioned, and in Germany almost abandoned, ground of the antagonism between "Petrinism" and "Paulinism," and urges that the Founder of Christianity was a mere man, and not a faultless man, who never claimed to be anything else, but by the tiresome obstinacy of His first disciples was invested with the attributes of Messiah, by St. Paul was identified with the Second Adam, and by the school of St. John, or what we call St. John, was transfigured into the Word. Polished, scholarly, and original as is the criticism in this part, it is hardly that of an expert. The conclusion arrived at manifestly rests upon *a priori* judgments of philosophy and ethics. It is here that we come upon a certain harshness and austerity of tone that contrast unfavourably with what Mr. Martineau has elsewhere written, and will strike many readers as superhuman in their audacity. Take the first point. The Church (it is surely unfair to imply the Roman Church alone) claims the note of sanctity. This is really the crucial question. Does the Church, or does it not, produce a type of character different from, and better than, that fostered by any system of philosophy whatever? Mr. Martineau denies the fact, because Borgia was Pope and saints are not immaculate; denies also, the possibility of the fact, because the history of Christianity is "a dismal stream of horrors" based upon doctrines which, like the Incarnation and the Atonement, are essentially immoral. Compare this with what Mr. Martineau wrote in earlier days:—"I am constrained to say that neither my intellectual preference nor my moral admiration goes heartily with the Unitarian heroes, sects, or productions of any age. . . . In Biblical interpretation I derive from Calvin and Whitby the help that fails me in Crell and Belsham. In devotional literature and religious thought I find nothing of ours that does not pale before Augustine, Taylor, Pascal. And in the poetry of the Church it is the Latin or German hymns, or the lines of Charles Wesley or of Keble, that fasten on my memory and heart, and make all else seem poor and cold." Nowadays Mr. Martineau finds that Christianity "leaves theological thought upon so low a plane that minds of a high level must sink to touch it"; but his earlier experience might surely teach him that the spring cannot be so polluted if the stream is so refreshing. As to the audacity which we have ventured to lay to the author's charge, one passage will suffice. "No audience in Palestine would listen for a moment to 'a carpenter's son' who gave himself out as 'the only begotten son of God,' just come down from heaven and charged with words that give eternal life. And they would be right. For a being divine enough really to be 'a second God' would be the last to think or say it, and would leave the sacred place at the disposal of others' veneration." Who told Mr. Martineau this? We have here, in fact, the argument of the whole second part of the book. It takes the form of a dilemma. Either "the Carpenter's Son" claimed to be Divine, or He did not. If He did not, *cadit quæstio*? If He did, He was wrong. Whatever view we take of the particular Divinity in question, it is clear that we have here Conscience perched at the apex of all things, and looking down on its betters through the wrong end of the telescope.

Among the English Nonconformist communities the Congregationalists appear to be honourably distinguished by their zeal for doctrinal theology. In the last few years we have been indebted to members of this body for three valuable works on the subject of the Atonement. Dr. Cave differs from Dr. Dale and Dr. Simon in his method, which professes to be, and as far as possible is, strictly Biblical and inductive. In this revised edition of his *Scriptural Doctrine of Sacrifice* (first published in 1877) he begins by a careful and detailed analysis of the usages, terminology, and significance of the sacrificial ritual in patriarchal, Mosaic, and post-Mosaic times, and concludes by applying the results so obtained to the Christian idea of sacrifice, with special reference to Redemption and the Eucharist. The Biblical part of the work, especially that which touches the Old Testament, is admirably done. Some readers will complain that no use is made of criticism, or of analogies afforded by heathen Semitic cults. But the omission, in so well-equipped and thoughtful a writer, is clearly deliberate; and, by taking the Bible as it is, and nothing but the Bible, for his field of survey, Dr. Cave is able to give a clear account of the Hebrew ritual, without wasting time on speculations that lead nowhere in particular. Great praise is also due to the exposition of the New Testament doctrine of Redemption, which is very thorough and instructive. The only part of the book that will strike those who are acquainted with the subject as falling below the high level of the rest is the "Critical Review of Theories of the Atonement." Dr. Cave manifests a certain impatience of school theories, and starts under the entirely wrong impression that they are mere *a priori* hypotheses, as opposed to inductive generalizations from the language of Scripture. No doubt the latter are the essential foundation. The theory comes in afterwards; its function is to explain Scripture teaching as far as may be, and, by bringing it into relation to metaphysical and ethical ideas, to meet those difficulties of the understanding which, if not raised by believers, will certainly be pressed by unbelievers. Neglect of these rather obvious considerations leads Dr. Cave to criticize Dr. Dale in a fashion that is really quite futile. Again, Dr. Cave's classification of theories of the Atonement into God-

ward, Manward, and Satanward does not commend itself. Many of the Fathers held that by the Passion man was ransomed from the power of the Evil One; but this was their way of explaining the single word "ransom" or "redemption"; and the idea—which, after all, is not absurd, though it has been absurdly treated—forms merely a subordinate ramification in any theory, properly so called. Aquinas maintained it; but it would be ridiculous to class the Thomist view as "Satanward." Nor are the several critical estimates as instructive as they should be. Anselm is treated in a very shallow fashion. Duns Scotus, who denied satisfaction and saw nothing in the Redemption but Merit, that is, Love, ought not to have been charged with laying stress on "legal ideas." Indeed, as all theories may be divided into Thomist or Scotist, all theories, at any rate, that have any objective element at all, Dr. Cave ought either to have devoted much more consideration to Duns and Aquinas, or to have omitted his historical review altogether. Dr. Bushnell's proposition, again, that the Passion is the transcendental instance of a great moral law, that of vicarious suffering through sympathy, whatever may be the other aberrations of its author, contains a very important germ of truth, and should not be so hastily dismissed. But, really, it is impossible to say anything worth saying about post-Reformation theories of the Atonement without an investigation of those modern ideas about Law, Sin, Punishment, and so on, by which theological speculation on this subject has been biased during the last century and a half. In particular, the nature of the Divine penalties on sin as such (not as crime or as folly) calls for a much more accurate definition than it has ever yet received. Such a definition would at once expose the vagueness and unmeaningness of much that has been written on the Atonement in later times. But these strictures, which have been perhaps unduly developed, apply to one section only in Dr. Cave's praiseworthy book, the one section in which he is on ground that he has not yet made his own. The work, as a whole, is one that calls for, and will repay, attentive study.

In *Veni Creator* Mr. Moule invites his readers to approach "not a great battle of arguments, but a series of quiet meditation upon the Person and the Work of the Lord the Spirit." In tone, language, and method the book represents the traditions of the Evangelical school; it is noticeable that the word sacrament does not appear, nor is the unity of the brotherhood—surely a grave point—insisted upon. It is perhaps owing to this last omission that, though as a record of personal experience the book is deep and attractive, there is a certain want of diffusive warmth and energy.

Mr. Tweddell's *Soul in Conflict* is a series of plain, practical, rather prosy, addresses on religious needs and duties. The contents of the book hardly correspond to the "intensity" of the title. The author slays no dragons, nor does he teach others how to slay them. A better title would have been *Souls in Harness*.

A little volume of sermons by Archdeacon Farrar, *Truths to Live by*, deals with some main elements in the theology of St. John and St. Paul. "Simple pastoral sermons," they are called in the preface; but the reader should not be deterred by this description. The only difference between Archdeacon Farrar in full dress and in undress is that in the first case he quotes Maimonides and Avicenna more or less incorrectly, and in the second he tells his congregation that he could do so if he valued a cheap reputation for learning.

Heavenly Teachings in Earthly Proverbs is a series of little preachings upon the wise old maxims of homespun philosophy. Some of the proverbs are taken from Poor Richard's wallet-Safe Bind, Safe Find, and so on. But wherever men live there are shrewd reflections upon life, and Miss Douglas comes upon pearls in unexpected places. For instance, West Africa can give an excellent piece of advice:—"When a rascal says he will give you a coat, hear his name." Now, if this maxim is really found in the Oji tongue, it is little short of inspired; for neither the figure, which is a coat, nor the thing signified, which is apparently the prospectus of a limited Company, can have been familiar to the actual experience of Ashantees. Miss Douglas draws plenty of instruction from her quaint texts in a graceful, unaffected way.

If Mr. Robert Vaughan will accept a piece of friendly advice, he will leave "scientists" and their vortices of ether alone, and stick to things that tend to edification. Every dutiful clergyman can help in building up the waste places of Zion; but not every one is the skilled engineer who can plan the defences. Such a sermon as that on Spirit in Matter, with its "abstruse reasoning" about stones that think, serves no purpose but to bewilder those that are bewildered enough already. With the whole Bible for his text and South Shields for his application, Mr. Vaughan need never suffer for lack of matter; and, if he will only avoid the snares of profundity and originality, he has clearly the capacity for very useful service.

Old-fashioned, middle-aged folks will be a little startled at hearing of a Roman exposition of the Seven Sacraments dated from "the Catholic Church, Oxford," and written by a priest of the Society of Jesus. Father Humphrey's *One Mediator* is a clear, popular, and systematic treatise, and may be read not only by his own people, but by those of our own who desire to answer, not merely to resist, Rome. How great is the controversial advantage which the Romanist derives from steady adherence to system, to the well-grounded logical methods of the past! However small the individual mind, there are great minds in reserve behind him. The English clergyman is too often like the farmer

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wife who sets down her bottle of home-made gooseberry with a little air of triumph, as if to say, "A poor thing, sir, but my own manufacture." He will neither study his opponent's case nor be guided by the authority—that is, the formulated experience—of his own Church. He fights for his own hand, and hence, though sometimes an adroit *franc-tireur*, is too often a very bad soldier.

The new volume of the *Expositor's Bible* is the *Gospel of St. Matthew*. Dr. Gibson has contented himself with telling the story of the Gospel with just so much comment and expansion as is necessary to bring out its spiritual significance. The treatment is simple, judicious, and lucid. The remarks upon the Parables are particularly good. Dr. Gibbon makes no impudent display of learning. Perhaps his self-restraint is a little too severe; for instance, he might have given his readers more information about the details of the Paschal Feast than he has thought necessary. But on such a subject it is better to err on the side of modesty. The volume is one of the best of the motley series in which it appears.

The *Memoir and Sermons of Professor Elmslie* is a good specimen of biographical work, and gives an attractive and well-drawn account of a very estimable man. Elmslie was minister of a Presbyterian chapel at Willesden, and Hebrew Professor at the London Presbyterian College, and wrote for the magazines besides. He died young. He enjoyed a considerable pulpit reputation, and his sermons are well worth reading. They are fresh and straightforward, and convey the impression of an able, manly, and sympathetic mind.

Two useful reprints are Poole's *Life and Times of St. Cyprian*, and the first half of St. Augustine's *City of God*, the English translation by "J. H.", first published in 1610. Poole's style and mode of treatment are those of the eighteenth century. It is difficult to believe that his book is only fifty years old. But in its archaic fashion it gives a sound, scholarly, and readable account of the great African martyr.

Mr. Homersham Cox's little book entitled *Is the Church of England Protestant?* has reached a third edition, and may be read with profit by those who still think it possible to "put down Ritualism" by vexatious litigation.

An interesting, but too slight and sketchy, account of a dying will be found in *Quaker Strongholds*. The author dwells upon the doctrine of the "inner light," but does not explain how this highly explosive belief is kept under working control. This is the point we want to know about. The belief in personal inspiration is common to all Christians; but, while the Church regulates it by authority and discipline, the Quaker professes to give it free play, yet in practice manages to control it very effectually. Had Miss Stephen entered fairly upon this singular discrepancy between the theory and the working of Quakerism, and shown the exact nature of the unavowed but powerful brake which has kept Quakerism from flying altogether to pieces, she would have produced a book much more instructive to her readers, though much less acceptable to her friends.

An anonymous volume, *Practical Reflections on the Psalms*, gives the whole Psalter with a brief meditation on each verse in succession. The commentary bears the notes of purity and intelligence, and its devotional merit more than atones for the cumbrousness of the plan. *Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth*, is the ill-chosen title of a narrative of the Saviour's life for children. The work is not badly executed, but it is too long and too elaborate for little people. *The Gospel History*, by the Rev. C. C. James, is a harmony, combining in one continuous narrative the testimony of the four Evangelists. We have received also *Summer Sundays in a Strathmore Parish*, sermons by Dr. McPherson; *Sunday Afternoons in the Chapel for the Blind*, addresses on the Lord's Prayer, by the Rev. T. W. M. Lund; *The Conversion of England*, a dramatic poem on the planting of Christianity in Bernicia and Deira; *Revelation and the Bible*, by the Rev. W. D. Thomson; *God in His World*, by an anonymous writer; *The Kingdom of Christ*, a plea for mission work, by A. B. Tucker; *The Way out of Agnosticism*, by Dr. F. E. Abbot, and *Broad Lines*, by S. H. K. Moilliet.

ST. ALBANS RECORDS.*

ALTHOUGH there is not much that is of general interest in these records, the book, like all books of its kind, is in parts profitable reading, and Mr. Gibbs has done well to reprint his extracts from the local newspaper in which they originally appeared. His work begins with the charter of incorporation granted to the town by Edward VI., which vested the government in a Council consisting of the mayor and the principal burgesses. With them there appears to have been associated a body of twenty-four assistants, who were not, however, recognized by charter until the reign of Charles I. The court-books of the borough are preserved from 1586, and the Minutes are presented here, for the most part, in modern spelling and in a condensed form. Many of them relate to such matters as the admission of freemen, the apprenticing of children, and the granting of wine licences. Some, however, are worth noticing, and among them are those which record the preparations for the defence of the country in 1588;

* *The Corporation Records of St. Albans; with Lists of Mayors, High Stewards, &c.* By A. E. Gibbs, F.L.S. St. Albans: Gibbs & Bamforth. 1889.

fifteen "corslets" were provided by the town, one by each of the four trading Companies, and the rest by private persons, besides "qualevers," muskets, bills, and bows, and with these the town, of course, furnished men trained to use them. Several entries illustrate the methods adopted in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries for dealing with pauperism. A Dutchman, named Anthony Moner, undertook, in 1589, to teach the poor to comb wool and spin, and this, and other like schemes, seem to have been approved from time to time by the Corporation. As in other places, constant efforts were made to prevent the settlement of persons who might become burdensome to the town, and a townsman who gave a stranger lodging for longer than six days was, in 1647, made liable to a fine of 2s. a day. The only notice which we have discovered of the Civil War is a message from the Parliament referring to the imprisonment of the Royalist steward of the borough, and recommending a stranger as his successor. By the charter forced on the borough by James II., the Corporation became an aristocratic and Tory body; five of the aldermen were knights, and the new high steward, appointed to succeed Sir Harbottle Grimston, was Viscount Churchill, afterwards the Duke of Marlborough, who was then living at Holwell House, on the estate of his wife's family. The next mayor was Henry Guy, of Tring, who had for some years been Secretary of the Treasury; he was non-resident, and appointed an alderman to act as his deputy. The new charter was annulled in 1690, and we hear no more of knights and non-resident mayors and aldermen. A sign that the change caused some bitter feelings in St. Albans, as was indeed the case in many other boroughs, may be discerned in an entry of 1703. Seabrooke, the mayor of 1687, seems, for some reason or other, not to have given up the corporation plate, and then mayor, having procured a mandamus from the Queen's Bench, went to his house to serve it upon him. Whereupon Seabrooke's son was "guilty of a gross crime and fault and a breach of his good behaviour in telling the Mayor that it was like his wit and honesty, with other scandalous and opprobrious speeches." Among some miscellaneous papers printed at the end of the volume is a letter from Garter King of Arms in Elizabeth's reign, settling a dispute which had arisen in consequence of the claim of Mistress Ffrowick, the wife of the Steward, to take precedence of the Mayor's wife, "vulgarly called the Mayoress." Mistress Ffrowick received a snub, and so, too, did her husband, for "fulfilling the private humor of his wife, to give example for others to doo the like, to the breeding of Disorder, basteche of peace, and confusion in a well-ordered government."

LOCAL RECORDS.*

DURING the last few years the work of printing and illustrating local records has been taken in hand with praiseworthy energy. It is work which, as the volumes before us testify, can scarcely in any case fail to be fruitful. Each of these three volumes has a distinct character, and while each is a good specimen of the class to which it belongs, they are by no means of equal value. In one we have a collection of materials for the history of a country town of no very great importance, present or historical; in another, a series of county records, together with the comments of a local antiquary of first-rate ability; while the third volume contains the documents relating to a critical period in the history of one of the most famous of our cathedral churches. Mr. Humphreys's *Materials for the History of Wellington* shows how much there is that is worth knowing in the past of many small English towns. During the middle ages the manor belonged to the Bishops of Bath and Wells, and it was included in the estates which Bishop Barlow resigned into the hands of Edward VI. for the benefit of the Duke of Somerset; it now belongs to the Duke of Wellington, having been bought by the great Duke with part of the money voted by Parliament for the purchase of an estate to be held by him in consideration of his eminent services. Notices are given of a good many persons of more or less distinction, who were, in one way or another, connected with the town, and among them of Sir John Popham, the Chief Justice; of Edward Clarke, of Chipley, the friend of Locke; of John Salkeld, the "Royal Convert," one of the vicars of the parish, who ascribed his conversion to Protestantism to the arguments of James I., and of the late Thomas Spencer Baynes, who was a native of the place. In 1640 the town was the scene of a mutiny of some troops raised in Devonshire. While marching through Somerset they halted for a Sunday at Wellington, and finding that their commanding officer, Lieutenant Eure, did not go to church, fell upon him and murdered him, believing that he was a "Papist." The siege of Wellington House, which had been built by Sir John Popham, was an event

* *Materials for the History of the Town of Wellington, co. Somerset*. Collected and arranged by Arthur L. Humphreys. London: Henry Gray. Wellington: Tozer & Gregory. 1889.

Somerset Record Society. Vol. III. *Kirby's Quest for Somerset, Nomina Villarum for Somerset, &c.* By F. H. Dickinson, F.S.A., &c. Printed for Subscribers only. 1889.

Hampshire Record Society. Vol. I. *Documents relating to the Foundation of the Chapter of Winchester, A.D. 1541-1547*. Edited by G. W. Kitchin, D.D., F.S.A., Dean of Winchester, and F. T. Madge, M.A., Librarian and Sacrist of Winchester Cathedral. London: Simpkin & Marshall. Winchester: Warren & Son. 1889.

of some importance, for Sir Richard Grenville was so seriously wounded there that his command was transferred to Sir John Berkeley. A minute description is given of the church, which is a good specimen of the local Perpendicular style, with some earlier portions, and this is followed by a list of vicars, with some biographical notes. Wellington was one of the clothing towns of Somerset, and "until about a quarter of a century ago weaving was very largely carried on in the cottages round and about the town, each man being his own master." The woollen manufacture still flourishes there under modern conditions, and the writer assures us that the "high standard of quality maintained in the factories has given to the Wellington goods a really world-wide reputation." Some documents printed in the Appendix relate to a curious plot made in 1664 by "divers lusty rogues" belonging to the town to rob the Exchequer at Taunton, where money was kept for the payment of troops. The volume contains a large number of extracts from parochial records of various kinds, and seems to have been put together with much care.

Some extremely obscure points in county history, the identification of manors, the formation of parishes, the place of the tything as an area for national taxation, and the comparative wealth and importance of neighbouring towns and districts, are illustrated in the new volume of the Somerset Record Society, which has been edited, with an admirable Preface, by Mr. F. H. Dickinson. The volume begins with a transcript of *Kirby's Quest*, as far as it relates to Somerset. This document consists of "Rolls of fees according to inquests made in Somerset and Dorset"—both counties were then under one sheriff—before John de Kerkebe, Treasurer of Edward I., and others, about 1285. Besides this record we have the portion of the *Nomina Villarum* which concerns the county, extracted from Sir Francis Palgrave's *Parliamentary Writs*, vol. ii., and collated with Harleian MS., 6281, of the sixteenth century, and the Exchequer Lay Subsidies Roll of 1327, a most interesting and valuable document, which throws a flood of light on the condition of the county at the date of its compilation, on family history, and on fiscal arrangements. The "Proportion Roll" previous to 1818 and an extract from the Census of 1841 complete the materials which elucidate the local divisions of Somerset.

The Hampshire Record Society has made a good start with a volume jointly edited by the Dean of Winchester and the Rev. F. T. Madge, which contains eleven documents relating to the establishment of a dean and canons in place of the monastic chapter of St. Swithun's. A general idea of the state of the monastery at the time of its suppression may be gathered from the Computus Roll of 1536-7, with which the volume opens. It is evident that the revenues of the house had decreased considerably, and certain customary "curialties"—such as the allowances to students at Oxford and to the boys at the school—were not paid, owing, it is stated, to the sums demanded as "First fruits to my lord the King." The number of brethren probably did not exceed thirty. Bishop Gardiner, who was no great lover of monks, was not displeased at the prospect of seeing a "more learned body at St. Swithun's, composed of canons likely to be helpful to him." Nor were the prior and monks hostile to the proposed change, for Cromwell's agent reported that he found them "very conformable"; and, as was usually the case, the new Chapter was mainly formed out of the existing convent, the prior, Kingsmill, being created dean, and several of the monks receiving prebends or being made peticanons. In the Letters Patent of 1541 by which the Chapter was established the King declared that he was moved by a desire to promote education, the relief of the poor, and the repair of roads and bridges. He gave the Dean and Chapter almost all the estates formerly held by the monks, and by the statutes of 1544 provided that a certain portion of them should be charged with the maintenance of twelve poor scholars at the two Universities. This arrangement soon came to an end; for, by a deed of the following year, which has been discovered by the Dean, the Chapter surrendered these estates to the Crown. It is scarcely likely that this surrender was a purely voluntary act; the manors brought in about 1617, a year, and of this fully 60*l.* would have accrued to the Chapter after making provision for the twelve scholars. The volume, which is full of matters of interest, and is well edited, ends with the two sets of Injunctions of Edward VI., the one specially drawn up for Winchester, and the other given to the Deans and Chapters of all Cathedral churches. The Council of the Society is, we think, making a serious mistake in giving translations of the documents which it prints. If it persists in this plan, it will curtail its power of doing really important work without gaining any compensating advantage; for members of a Record Society may surely be expected to be able to understand Latin. Against glossaries and explanatory notes of all kinds we have nothing to say, provided that they are likely to be useful—many of the words in the Dean's glossary, such as *Prebendarius*, *Precentor*, *Privilegium*, *Realis*, *Redditus*, and the like, surely needed no explanation—but to give full, or nearly full, translations of perfectly simple Latin documents is merely a waste of space which should be filled with valuable matter.

NEW LAW BOOKS AND EDITIONS.*

THREE new law books are added to these Clerk and Lindsell on *Torts*. All three form substantial volumes, and the last is between the other two in bulk. It is a leisurely, learned, and reasonably well-written treatise; it begins with an "Introductory Chapter" calculated to give students a fair preliminary notion of its subject-matter; it may be nearly as useful as the current edition of Addison in the capacity of a practitioner's collection of authorities; and it is greatly inferior to Sir Frederick Pollock's work in system, in originality, and in scientific exposition. The index looks a bad one, being constructed on the vicious principle of few headings and many sub-headings. The table of cases, on the other hand, is extremely voluminous, and a great many references are given to each case. Whether this method is worth the labour it involves is open to question; but it is undoubtedly often convenient to persons using the book. The last chapter is on *Injunctions* as a remedy for *tort*, and, though a short one, seems to be good as far as it goes. The discussion of vexed topics in such questions as Negligence, Defamation, and Trespass, though well enough done, is not especially remarkable for any new light which it throws upon those topics.

Half the men who submit themselves to examination in law—perhaps rather more—supplement their perusal of text-books by taking notes, partly in order to fortify, and partly in order subsequently to restore, their memory of what they have read. In the main, each man must take his notes in the way that seems good to him; but nevertheless it is often useful to a student to be made acquainted with somebody else's fashion of taking notes. To print what might be, for anything that appears, the note-book actually compiled by an industrious and intelligent student during a particular course of reading, without any amplification or comment, is not a common device; but it has been adapted to the case of International Law by Mr. W. P. Pain, with a rather droll result. Each page is in three columns. The third contains a brief note of some event—the publication of a code of "laws," the appearance of a book, the making of a treaty, the occurrence of some episode in a war, or the like, with references to text-books. The second contains the date. The first contains an exceedingly cryptic letter, which is discovered on reference to the "Explanation of the Analysis," to "refer the subject to" something. Thus *Nc* means Contraband, and *Wa* means Naval Capture. The events are in chronological order, the earliest date given being that of the appointment of the Amphictyon Council, 1496 B.C., and the last the departure of Lord Sackville from Washington, 1888 A.D. The text-books referred to are Grotius, Halleck, Kent, Vattel, Wheaton, and half a dozen others of less eminence. Supposing this had been an actual student's note-book, one would surmise that it had probably been very useful to the student who made it, and in whose mind each note was a convenient *memoria technica* to what he had read. For other students it might be of use, and the again, as Uncle Remus said, it might not.

Mr. Brett seeks rather to supplant than to edit Blackstone by the production of *Commentaries* in two not very large volumes.

* *The Law of Torts*. By J. F. Clerk, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, and W. H. B. Lindsell, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Sweet & Maxwell.

Chronology and Analysis of International Law. By Wm. Percy Pain, LL.B. (Lond.), of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Dwyer & Long.

Commentaries on the Present Laws of England. By Thomas Brett, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, LL.B. (Lond.), Author of "Leading Cases in Modern Equity" &c. London: William Clowes & Son. 1890.

A Magisterial and Police Guide. By Henry C. Greenwood, Stipendiary Magistrate for the District of the Staffordshire Potteries, and Temple Chevalier Martin, Chief Clerk to the Magistrates at the Lambeth Police Court. Third edition. By Temple Chevalier Martin. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1890.

A Treatise on the Law of Contracts. By Joseph Chitty, Jun., Esq. Twelfth edition. By J. M. Lely, Esq., M.A., Editor of "Woodfall's Law of Landlord and Tenant" &c., and Nevill Geary, Esq., M.A., Author of "Law of Theatres and Music-Halls." London: Sweet & Maxwell. 1890.

The Patentee's Manual: a Treatise on the Law and Practice of Patents for Inventions. By James Johnson, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, and J. Henry Johnson, Solicitor, Assoc. Inst. C.E. Sixth edition. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.: Stevens & Sons. 1890.

Inventions, and How to Patent Them: a Practical Guide to Patentees. By T. Eustace Smith, Barrister-at-Law, of the Middle Temple. Third edition. London: Whitaker & Co. 1890.

The Principles of Equity. By Edmund H. T. Snell, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Ninth edition. By Archibald Brown, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes.

The Principles of the Criminal Law. By Seymour F. Harris, B.C.L. Fifth edition. By Aviet Agabeg, LL.B., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes.

The Elements of Roman Law Summarized. By Seymour F. Harris, B.C.L. Second edition, revised. London: Stevens & Haynes.

Wilson's Legal Handy Books:—How to Appeal against your Lawyer

By Andrew Douglas Lawrie, Barrister-at-Law. *The Law of Bills, Cheque Notes, and IO Us.* By James Walter Smith, LL.D., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. *The Law of Water and Gas*. By C. E. Stewart, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. *The Investment of Trust Funds*. By E. Danny Uelin, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. *The Law of Master and Servant, Employer and Employed*. By James Walter Smith, LL.D., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Edington Wilson & Co.

Every Man's Own Lawyer. By a Barrister. Twenty-seventh edition. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son.

He arranges the law in thirteen books, the topics being taken in the following order:—1. Real Property; 2. Personal Property; 3. Contract; 4. Tort; 5. Equity; 6. Practice; 7. Evidence; 8. Bankruptcy; 9. Probate; 10. Divorce; 11. Admiralty; 12. Ecclesiastical Law; 13. Criminal Law and Procedure. This is a heavy bill of fare; and it follows that, as the book is a short one, no particular course can be elaborately served. The entire learning of County Courts, for instance, occupies four pages in the part about Practice, and the mutual relations of master and servant are left out altogether. The arrangement does not appear to us to be preferable to Blackstone's, and in general the book is almost as much too short to be a satisfactory set of "Commentaries" as it is too long to be a convenient student's crib. At the same time, it has been carefully written, and, as far as a cursory examination can show, although it omits a great deal which would have been useful, it does not seem to contain anything absolutely pernicious.

In the third edition of Messrs. Greenwood and Martin's book on the judicial duties of magistrates Mr. Martin has adhered to the plan of the work, the appropriate statutes constituting the text, and the comment being printed in the form of footnotes. As the book is now in its third edition, magistrates and their clerks are presumably in a position to judge whether it is better or worse than any of the several other books fulfilling the same general purpose. Novices might be puzzled at reading in consecutive paragraphs diametrically opposite statements of the law as to whether the Rule in the nature of a Mandamus calling upon justices to show cause why they should not act as required is applicable generally, or only where the justices require protection from liability, which they might incur by proceeding. As a matter of practice, whatever may be the authority of *R. v. Percy*, cited in the second of the paragraphs in question, such orders are granted and made absolute every day in cases where there is no question of liability at all. In Section 12 of the Coal Mine Regulation Act, 1887, it would have been well to refer to *Bourne v. Netherseal Colliery Company*, which was decided under the corresponding section of the repealed Act of 1872, especially as the question involved, which is one of the greatest importance, is now being raised again under the present Act.

With "the pride that apes humility" Messrs. Lely and Geary describe *Addison on Contracts* as "this well-known work," and they state in their preface the interesting circumstance that the second edition was published in 1834, and the eleventh in 1881, all the editions, from the third to the eleventh inclusive, having been prepared by Mr. J. A. Russell, lately judge of the Manchester County Court. This edition is the twelfth, and the editors claim for it that it has been largely altered in accordance with the requirements of nine years of legislation, and of the advancing science of legal authorship. Instead of a few very long chapters, the work now consists of a large number, each of comparatively reasonable length. A long and careful chapter, entitled "Contracts with Married Women," is, of course, substantially new, as the preceding edition had the misfortune to be published shortly before the revolution in this part of the law effected by the Married Women's Property Act, 1882. The editors specify in their preface eight "points of contract law as seeming to require remedial legislation." One of these is, that the common clause in the applications for shares in new Companies, wherein the applicant agrees to waive his right to further information than may have been offered to him as to contracts entered into by the promoters, is of doubtful validity, instead of being, as it ought to be, indisputably void. This is a contention only to be met by the assertion that the Companies' Acts have gone as far as is possible for the protection of the greedy shareholder, and that it is not desirable to try to go further. The next objection to the existing law is less tenable. It is urged that the principle laid down in *Peek v. Derry* by the House of Lords ought to be reversed, and that where the directors have deceived the shareholder by misstatements of fact, honestly, but without reasonable grounds, believed by them (the directors) to be true, they (the directors) ought to be liable in an action of deceit. We are not sure that this is quite a fair statement of the decision in *Peek v. Derry*, but if it is, it is not apparent why directors who are not dishonest should be compelled to ensure the accuracy of their statements, or why shareholders who know who the directors are, and who have offered to them the honest opinions of the directors, should be entitled to any further legislative protection. The shareholders in any case trust the business capacity of the directors. Why should they not also be left to trust their capacity for making an accurate statement of facts—a thing many men cannot do with the best will in the world? With the last of Messrs. Lely and Geary's recommendations we are in hearty accord, in so far as they desire that the protracted evasion of the Gaming Acts effected by the majority of the Court of Appeal in *Read v. Anderson* should be overruled. Only that could be done quite as well by the House of Lords as by statute, if only some one would take a Turf "Commission" or Stock Exchange gambling case to the House of Lords before it is too late by reason of long acquiescence in the decision. The volume seems to have been carefully prepared, and the cases cited have the dates of their decision appended—a practice the increase of which we are glad to observe.

Mr. James Johnson and Mr. J. Henry Johnson publish the sixth edition of their *Patentee's Manual* with considerable enlargement and revision. The Appendix contains a large collection of statutes, rules, and forms, and the International Convention of 1883 to which this country adhered, and also short accounts of

the patent laws of twenty-seven British Colonies and Possessions, and forty foreign countries. The authors express the modest hope that, besides being useful to patentees, for whose benefit it was originally written, the volume "may deserve the notice of the legal profession," and although there are a great many books on the subject, it seems probable that this hope will be amply fulfilled.

Mr. T. Eustace Smith addresses himself especially to the poor patentee, and the poor patentee seems to like it, as the book is now in a third edition. He speaks of his "alphabetical index" as if there had not been one before, which seems curious. The book is not badly arranged, and authorities are cited for the legal propositions it contains. Whether it is an easy matter for an inventor to patent his invention all by himself without further professional aid than he can get from a book of this sort is a question which depends a good deal on the character of the inventor; but if he is painstaking and intelligent, the book will at least be useful in suggesting to him the kind of points on which to take further advice.

The ninth edition of Snell's *Principles of Equity* is, like the eighth, the work of Mr. Archibald Brown. From its appearance, after so short an interval, we conclude that this useful book continues practically to "hold the field" as the elementary work on Equity with which the present generation of practitioners of that noble science are accustomed to begin their labours.

It does not follow, however, that a book much used by students is a good one. The third edition of Mr. Harris's *Principles of the Criminal Law* is published by Mr. Agabeg, and its principal recommendation is that there is no other elementary book covering just the same ground. The tabular list of indictable offences and their punishments at the end of the book may be useful, and might be more so if it were practicable to arrange it more or less in alphabetical order.

Messrs. Stevens & Haynes also publish a second edition of Mr. Harris's little book on the Elements of Roman Law. It consists of the substance of the Institutes of Gaius and Justinian arranged in note-book form. Students about to be examined in the subject may find it useful.

We have also received a parcel of the little books published at low prices under the title of "Wilson's Legal Handy Books." They comprise, *How to Appeal against your Rates* (second edition), *The Law of Bills, Cheques, Notes, and I O Us* (which is said to be in its 55th thousand, so that elementary information on the subject would seem to be popular), *Water and Gas, The Investment of Trust Funds, and Master and Servant*. These little books are not all equally good, some of them being, indeed, as scrappy and untrustworthy as one naturally expects a law book in popular form and at a popular price to be; but others are much better done, and the success of the series probably indicates its utility. The volumes on rates and taxes are among the best, and we have before now had occasion to make their merits known.

We welcome another edition, the twenty-seventh, of *Every Man's Own Lawyer*. May its advice to the guileless layman who will not heed the voice of warning long continue to swell the fee-books of the deserving poor!

In a recent notice of Mr. Thomas Burn's book upon *The Principles of the Law of Negligence* we observed that the subject of evidence of negligence was "not substantively" treated of. It would have been more accurate to add the words *et nomine*, as Mr. Burn has pointed out to us that the subject is dealt with in a short chapter entitled "Onus of Proof." As these words are well understood to have a different meaning from "evidence of negligence," and as they are particularly important with regard to the law of contributory negligence, more correct designation of the chapter—the beginning of which is about onus of proof, and is not about evidence of negligence—would have been less likely to mislead. Mr. Burn also complains that his book was stated to contain only one reference, and that upon an incidental point, to the case of *Slattery v. Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway Company*. The statement was exactly accurate, although some other references to the case are concealed in another part of the table of cases, Mr. Burn having strictly followed the bad old method of the days before the Judicature Acts, whereby in a case where the defendant appealed its title was reversed in the House of Lords, and the appellant was treated as plaintiff.

THE MOUND OF THE JEWESS.*

IT may be doubted whether the Committee of the Egypt Exploration Fund have been well advised in printing together the two essays of which this volume consists. They have forced us to contrast the work of M. Naville, a Swiss gentleman whom they employ in their excavations, with that of Mr. Griffith, one of the now happily numerous band of young Englishmen who are making a study of Egyptology. The contrast commences on the title-page, which is of considerable length, and, so to speak, double-barrelled. First we are told that the volume contains a treatise on "The Mound of the Jew and the City of Onias. Belbeis, Samanhood, Abusir, Tukh el Karmus. 1887. By Edouard Naville." The second title runs as follows:—"The Antiquities of Tel el Yahudieh, and mis-

* Egypt Exploration Fund. Extra Volume for 1888-9. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1890.

[August 23, 1890.]

cellaneous work in Lower Egypt during the years 1887-1888. By F. Ll. Griffith." There is much in these two titles to provoke inquiry. Why does M. Naville write the Mound of the Jew, and Mr. Griffith, Tel el Yahudieh, which cannot possibly be translated "Mound of the Jew"? One might at first sight suppose that the two names refer to two different places, and this surmise would in one sense be correct. There is in Egypt a place called Tel el Yahud, the Mound of the Jew. But a moment's examination shows that M. Naville does not write about Tel el Yahud, but about the same place which Mr. Griffith, no doubt correctly, calls Tel el Yahudieh, a name which can only be translated Mound of the Jewess. Of the other Tel we read that it is about twelve miles away, three miles south-west of Belbés—so Mr. Griffith writes a name which M. Naville gives as "Belbés," neither form being absolutely correct—on the edge of the desert. Here Mr. Griffith found some Roman traces and a few coins. As for the Mound of the Jewess, he was told, he says, by the Arabs, that an old Jewess used to live on it. This is possible enough; but it upsets the charming theory which would make it the city of Onias, a theory which, apparently, M. Naville accepts. But Mr. Griffith thinks that, though the city of Onias cannot have been far off, it was not at Tel el Yahudieh. "According to Josephus, it had been deserted for some time when Ptolemy Philometor, about the year 160 B.C., gave it to the Jews, in order that they might build a temple there, and so be induced to pay less reverence to that at Jerusalem, which was in the territory of his enemy Antiochus." Certainly, Mr. Griffith and M. Naville found Jewish graves in the neighbourhood of this Tel, and Mr. Griffith thinks it possible that a synagogue existed on the mound. There are no remnants of it in existence now, and nothing has ever been found within the very well-defined limits of the later or Roman city to connect it with a Jewish occupation. The interest of the question involved is of course bound up in that of the Septuagint translation, and it is remarkable that the Jewish tombs have Greek inscriptions in memory of individuals who bore such distinctly Hebrew names as Eleazar, or Micah, or Nathan. Altogether, it is not possible to say that much fresh light has been thrown on the matter. We know just as much, or as little, as we knew twenty years ago as to the identity of the place mentioned by Josephus. Mr. Griffith found a few burnt bones and what may have been traces of sacrificial rites; but all too scanty and too obscure to support any decided views.

The philological question enters into the essays of both gentlemen. Mr. Griffith seems to know more Arabic, but M. Naville is able to quote Hebrew. The ancient Egyptian name of the place seems to have been "Per Ra," the place of the sun; and, in M. Naville's opinion, this answers well to a passage in Isaiah (xix. 18), in which the Jews in Egypt are spoken of as inhabiting a place called "the city of Destruction." But in the Revised Version there is a marginal reading which puts "the Sun" for "destruction." There is much plausibility in the view that the city afterwards called after Onias, Onion, is here meant. But this does not end the matter, even if we accept it as proved; because Dr. Brugsch is of opinion, not so much that Tel el Yahudieh was Onion, but that it was On—that is, Heliopolis. The confusion among all these rival authorities, among whom Josephus must be included, is baffling to the ordinary mind. On the whole, we cannot feel satisfied that M. Naville has made out his case. On the other hand, Mr. Griffith, while more cautious, is also more vague; and the only certainty we carry away is that Jews abounded in this part of Egypt in the Ptolemaic and Roman periods, and that the site of their headquarters and temple has yet to be identified.

A considerable part of an interesting volume is taken up with other places, and the tables of contents, plates, and plans leave nothing to be desired. Curiously enough, the question as to the Hebrew word "Kharam," devoted to destruction, and the other reading "Kharas," the sun, turns on the similarity of the Hebrew letters Mem and Samech, and M. Naville's printer has confounded them; as the copier of the passage from Isaiah mentioned above seems, in all probability, to have done.

VOYAGES ON GERMAN RIVERS.*

THE tone of Mr. Macdonell's book is genial, gentlemanlike, and scholarly; it gives the impression of the very healthiest kind of English University companionship. There is no priggishness, and yet there is manifest intelligent interest in all that is historical and antiquarian. But we cannot but smile a little at the vehemence of the actions which it chronicles, at the truly English distressfulness of the manner of taking amusement. As we turn over Mr. Macdonell's sincere and modest pages, we constantly say to ourselves, Where did the pleasure, the enjoyment, at any rate the repose come in? Mr. Macdonell describes the manner in which he and various other Oxford men have in successive years "done" the rivers of Germany. He is so genuine, so unaffected, that he gives us nothing that he did not actually experience. Hence, in reading his volume from end to end, we receive no single impression of living nature on the bosoms of these remote streams. There is no observation of bird, or fish, or

* *Camping Voyages on German Rivers.* By Arthur A. Macdonell. With Frontispiece and twenty Maps. London: Edward Stanford.

insect; no notes, however casual and amateurish, of the botany of the banks or the atmospheric conditions of the sky. These excellent persons were in infinitely too great a hurry to get through their labour to notice anything leisurely and philosophically. To beat the record, where record there was none, seems to have been their only object.

Lest we seem unsympathetic, we will describe one of their feats. Consider it, ye watery gods, from the point of view of holiday enjoyment! They desired—they were three of them—to descend the Weser, from Münden to the sea, in a strong oak skiff. The distance was 230 miles; a fortnight would have been hardly, a week certainly not too much to occupy in such an expedition; they pride themselves on having done it in four days. The record of thefeat reads in this manner:—"A steady run from 10.30 A.M. to 9.15 P.M. was only interrupted by a brief lunch and a short sail"; "the next eight hours were spent in a strenuous struggle with a gale blowing steadily on the fore-quarter or beam, and raising quite a sea"; "one of the crew was now almost a corpse, while the Professor complained of being completely worn away"; "it was already seven in the evening before a start was made, and 105 miles remained to be accomplished before nightfall on the following day." But a sustained passage shall speak for itself, and shall paint the Capuan luxury, the refined laziness, of this agreeable summer holiday:—

The performance of forty-one miles during the night, though not bad under ordinary circumstances, did not contribute to raise the spirits of the jaded trio; for had they not still the prospect of sixty-four miles more of unremitting toil before their labours were over? That such a distance, formidable enough after a good night's rest, could be accomplished by nightfall, seemed all but hopeless, even with a favourable wind . . . [and] the wind, which was increasing in strength, would be their enemy for the rest of the voyage. The general trend here taken by the Weser towards the north by north-west for about forty miles was just sufficient to render the wind worse than useless for sailing purposes. But the cup of misery was not yet full. Heavy showers began to fall, and continued all evening, keeping the crew drenched to the skin all the time. In addition to this, Stroke at least had his feet immersed in bilge-water.

At last, more dead than alive, they got to Bremen, and the mightyfeat had been accomplished within the four days. These young Englishmen did it for their own amusement. Let any one try to make somebody in Armenia or in Siberia do the same against his will, and Europe will ring with shrieks of indignation. But thus do the English perversely understand pleasure.

Every man to his taste, however; and there are worse tastes than this; yea, hardly shall a man be good for much who has not had it at some time in his life. So merely remarking, as within parentheses, that until the *Fontaine de Jouvence* be discovered we beg to be excused from making camping voyages in this style ourselves, we have nothing but praise, within its proper limits, for Mr. Macdonell's book. It is the first in which the subject of boating expeditions in Germany has been treated on broad lines. The author, having navigated nearly two thousand miles of German river, has no serious rival in experience. His book describes all the German rivers which any one would think of boating upon, except the Oder, which would probably be found excessively dreary and uninteresting, and the Lahn, which we rather wonder that Mr. Macdonell has never explored. The author's excellent maps and his careful description of the course will render *Camping Voyages on German Rivers* a guide-book indispensable to future boatmen; while in an appendix are given tables of distances, lists of obstructions, and other practical details. A large general map of the river-system of Germany, and a comprehensive index, add to the usefulness of a book which is a pleasure to command.

The rivers which attract Mr. Macdonell's attention in detail are, in succession, the Werra, the Weser, the Neckar, the Elbe, the Moselle, the Main, the Moldau, the Elbe, and the Danube. Of these the Werra is doubtless that which is the least known by name to Englishmen. It is the most important of the affluents of the Weser, and comes down from the Thüringer Wald, past Meiningen and close to Eisenach, and joins the Weser at Münden. This was, it seems to us, one of the jolliest of all the voyages described in this book; it was not without its perils and adventures, but it was more gay, and not taken so very seriously as some of its successors.

Of the Moselle our author gives a very attractive account; but, although he quotes Horace, who, it is believed, never visited those parts, he does not mention the poet with whose memory this river is indissolubly connected. Yet Mr. Macdonell's descriptions do but bear out with close exactitude the features observed fifteen hundred years ago by Ausonius. The modern tourist's notes of the peaceable character of the Moselle, of its smooth and silent course, of its remarkable freedom from obstructions, recall, almost in their very words, the address of the poet:—

Tu placidi prælapsus aquis, nec murmura venti
Ulla, nec occulti patris luctamina saxi.
Non superante vadis rapido reparare meatus
Cogeris, exstantes medio non aequore terras
Interceptus habes.

Apparently the Germans, sluggish as they are apt to be in taking advantage of their own water-courses, know and value the Moselle, "ut celeres feriant vada concita remi;" and the English party found themselves accompanied by the advertisement of a *Rudersportlicheur*, which was vaunted as specially fitted to rouse the flagging spirits of oarsmen on the Moselle. Mr. Macdonell makes what appears to us an excellent suggestion, that a boating

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trip to Germany might well be limited to this river alone, being combined with a series of delightful little walking-tours up its side-valleys. For mere rowing, however, the author gives the preference to the Main, which he regards as being, for the 270 miles below Lichtenfels, one of the best rivers in Europe. Its riparians are beginning to appreciate these advantages, for "not only has Würzburg its rowing clubs, but even Schweinfurt and Frankfurt, besides some of the other towns, have one each; to say nothing of Frankfort, which has for several years been the centre of the German boating world." But it appears from another portion of this volume that German enterprise has nowhere gone so far as the possession of eights, although the author has occasionally seen six oars.

It was, no doubt, partly on account of the excessive violence of the exercise taken that the partakers in the voyages here described suffered so frequently from persistent sleeplessness, but it would be interesting to know whether the sunken positions which they chose for camping in had not something to do with it. The crew were no novices at the art of boating, and who they were, though not said in so many names by Mr. Macdonell, will easily be divined by boating men. The Captain was "the most famous on Oxford had known for many years," and "besides having been President of the University Boat-club, he was one of the most distinguished representatives of All England in the football field." The First Officer is no less easy to distinguish. The height of three of the crew, who all belonged to one college, averaged six feet two inches; the Captain was tallest, though all were divine, and their physical advantages, we learn without surprise, "impressed the inhabitants of the river valleys rather deeply." We had marked some amusing episodes for quotation, but space fails us. We must refer the reader to the entertaining sketch of that seaport of Bohemia, Aussig; to the shipwreck on the White Main; to the magnificent "bluff" of the Captain when he snapped his oar in public at Worms, and to many other pleasant pages. We wish that these friends would not take their pleasures with so prosaic a vehemence, but they appreciated the wines and the society they met with, and we are sure that they are charming companions. We will close our review of *Camping Voyages on German Rivers* with one anecdote, which is pleasing:—

Rinteln, the seat of a university in former days, was known to the Inter-peter [it is thus that Mr. Macdonell invariably speaks of himself] from a visit during the summer vacation some years previously. The landlord, who was a great gossip, rattled off, in answer to interrogatories, a vast amount of information about the leading inhabitants. The fate of a large and well-known family of daughters he recited off with great volubility, winding up with the remark *Anna, die dicke, ist noch zu haben* (Anna, the fat one, is still eligible).

INGRATITUDE.*

A N eccentric and formerly notorious person once held, or at all events acted upon, the opinion that excessive solicitude for the well-being of the children of the poor was a good excuse for committing a breach of morality and of the laws of this realm. Miss Amy Whinyates seems to consider that the benevolent design of furnishing children of a more favoured class with the literary materials of "juvenile theatricals," which are not only agreeable, but "serve to develop the elocutionary talents and graces of deportment, besides being a great aid to the memory," will cover one of the most serious instances of want of literary consideration in which one English writer has recently indulged in at the expense of another.

The first of Miss Whinyates's plays for children, and the only one in any way worth noticing, is called *Prince Bulbo*. The dramatic persons are the King and Queen of Paflagonia, Giglio, Bulbo, Gruffanuff, Angelica, Rosalba called Betsinda, Hedzoff, Glumbozo (who has nothing to say), and the Fairy Blackstick. The main features of the plot are the transfer of affections in consequence of the changes in possession which befall the rose and the ring, the knocking down of the King by Giglio, the design of Hedzoff to behead Bulbo in consequence, the overthrow of the King by Giglio, the marriages of Bulbo and Giglio to Angelica and Rosalba respectively—the latter being identified by her shoe—the attempt of Gruffanuff to enforce her fraudulent claim to the hand of Giglio, and its frustration by the timely maiming of her long-lost husband. The lines, which are nearly all in verse—not very blank—are sometimes like this:—"This hand has taught him single stick, and many a clever fencing trick; A Prince more brave and gentle I ne'er met—Our Royal King I hope to see him yet." At other times they are like this:—"GIGLIO. I'll have your life! BULBO (*drawing his sword*). I'll run you through! GIGLIO (*drawing his*). I'll cut your throat! BULBO. I'll blow your brains out! GIGLIO. I'll knock your head off! BULBO. I'll send a friend to you in the morning." GIGLIO. I'll send a bullet through you in the afternoon." The reader may see nothing much in this. Nor is there, excepting that "really any one would take it—any one that did not know it"—to be, as two of the three other "plays" are, the original and unaided composition, plot, lines, and names, lock, stock, and barrel, of Miss Amy Whinyates. It is true that an obscure paragraph, printed on a fly-leaf under the word

"Costumes," says that "*these may be taken from the clever drawings of the Fairy Tale; but it is recommended that Blackstick wear a witch's dress.*" But only the most careful and experienced eye can detect the legend, printed in small type, at the foot of a florid design opposite the frontispiece, whereby it appears that "*Prince Bulbo; or, the Rose and the Ring*, a Play for Young Actors, by Amy Whinyates," is "Dramatized from the Fairy Tale of the late William Makepeace Thackeray."

DOGS.*

*O*UR Friend the Dog is a work whose popularity is proved by its having reached its fifth edition. The author, as most people are already aware, is a genuine dog-lover, and those who are like-minded with him will find a mass of dog-lore embedded in this book among a large amount of less readable matter, such as the rules of the Kennel Club and kindred institutions. The anecdotes are few, and of the usual kind. The real value of the book lies in its useful hints on the management of our favourites in health and disease, in travelling and on the exhibition bench. A dog at a railway-station without its owner to look after it is generally a piteous sight, and we fear that no amount of hampers and labels will avail it much if the officials persist in treating it merely as an inconveniently-shaped package. However, Dr. Stables tells us how to do all that can be done for a dog who must be sent on a journey alone; but his lot can never be a happy one till the whole system of the transit of dogs by railway is radically reformed. Some of his wrongs are beyond the reach of legislation, and can only be remedied by rendering those who have to deal with dogs on railways less indifferent to the sufferings of the animals entrusted to their charge; but something is undoubtedly gained by stating publicly the ill-treatment to which unprotected dogs are liable on railways, of which a large section of the public—even of the dog-loving public—has no idea. We cordially agree with Dr. Stables in his abhorrence of the noisome den known as a "dog boot," in which some Companies insist on dogs being placed, which "horrid prison," besides being exposed to a piercing draught when the train is in motion, is also "so loathsome a place that no clean-skinned dog can remain an hour in it without the chance of catching some vile skin disease."

There are many other valuable suggestions in Dr. Stables's book, especially in his attempt to alleviate the misery of watchdogs kept on a chain. Few unprofessional dog-fanciers know "the right way to wash a dog," which is here set forth, and we are glad to see the old superstition of putting a piece of roll-brimstone into a dog's water exposed; for, indeed, a piece of any yellow stone would produce as much—or as little—result. There are many sensible remarks, too, on feeding, cleanliness, and exercise; but we cannot agree with the author when he declares muzzles to be cruel, and prints a gushing letter from the lady known as "Ouida" on the subject. Her remark that "she has never seen any dog bite anybody in any street, in any town, in any road, in any country," does not dispose of the question of rabies. Many crimes are committed without "Ouida" seeing them. We think that, if either she or Dr. Stables had ever seen a case of hydrophobia in a human patient, they would be more tolerant of the muzzle—which when properly constructed need not be cruel—as an attempt to protect mankind from the risk of such terrible suffering. Neither can we agree with his proposal to revive the old dog-cart, which some of our readers may be old enough to remember. His own anecdote (p. 349) shows how the unfortunate animals used to be treated in this country, and the system as nowadays practised in Belgium and Holland is, we think, more of a warning than an example.

Perhaps the most useful part of Dr. Stables's useful book, apart from the advice to exhibitors, is the number of simple prescriptions and clear directions as to the proper treatment of dogs when diseased. Many people in the country have no confidence in the bleeding and physicking of the local "vet," and yet cannot send many miles for a doctor, who would probably feel insulted at being asked to prescribe for a dog. They have the misery of seeing their dog gradually getting more and more "out of condition," and being helpless to relieve him. In most cases careful watching of the animal's symptoms, and comparison with the directions for various diseases given in this and similar books, will tell all that need be known by way of diagnosis. The suggestion that a homeopathic practitioner should, if possible, be employed is, if we understand it rightly, merely a protest against the enormous doses of powerful drugs with which ignorant "vets," and not they alone, are wont to drench their unhappy patients, with whom, as with human beings, "little and often" is the only way by which medicine can be made to produce any useful effect. The illustrations are very numerous and good, and there is a short clear account of the distinctive "points" of every breed of dog known to "dog-men." One anecdote in conclusion:—

"Why don't you give up keeping sheep, and stick to breeding dogs?"

* *Our Friend the Dog: a complete practical Guide to all that is known about every breed of Dog in the World.* By Gordon Stables, C.M., M.D., R.N., Author of "Ladies' Dogs," "The Dog Owners' Kennel Companion and Referee," &c. Fifth edition, greatly enlarged and revised, with a new chapter on Basset Hounds by Everett Millais. London: Dean & Son.

* *Plays for Young Actors and Home Performance.* By Amy Whinyates. Series the Third, consisting of "Prince Bulbo," "Gabrielle," "Aladdin," and "Little Bluebell." Illustrated by John Proctor and Arthur Hitchcock. London: Dean & Son.

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asked a Cockney of a Scotch farmer from whom he had just purchased a collie puppy for the modest sum of twenty guineas.

"Well, ye see, sir," replied the farmer, "we mightna aye fall in wi' fools to buy them."

A TOUR IN A PHAETON.*

IN certain moods, and after a course of the ordinary book of travel, Mr. Hissey's driving jaunts may raise, or at least soothe, the dejected spirits. This time eastward is Mr. Hissey's way, from London to Cromer, by way of Ipswich and Yarmouth, returning through Thetford and Bury St. Edmunds. As of old, the intrepid traveller found no barrenness between Dan and Beersheba. He pours deserved contempt on the blind makers of guide-books who find Essex as "flat as a pancake," Suffolk a tame land given over to farmers, and nothing but "Broads" in Norfolk. Once again, and almost on every page of his cheerful book, Mr. Hissey is a fervid witness to the poetic truth—

'Tis ignorance that makes a barren waste
Of all beyond itself.

But if the routes are new, the traveller's aims and equipment are unchanged. From the box-seat of the phaeton, behind a pair of useful cobs, confident in the possession of "patent rubber brakes," five pounds worth of loose silver, *Paterson's Roads*, and the indispensable horn—surely a thing not to laugh to scorn—Mr. Hissey kept a keen look out for old farmsteads, village churches, wayside monuments and ancestral halls, "bosomed high in tufted trees." The blast of that dread horn, always "carried for use" by Mr. Hissey, who objects to bawl at the top of his voice, must yet linger in the ears of obstructive waggoners, gatemen at level crossings, ostlers grim, and jolly landlords. Truly a merry time had our phaetonist, hunting after derelict parish clerks, searching for church keys, inspecting mouldering halls, interviewing rural folk, sketching various "beauty spots," and partaking of the convivial joys of a market ordinary, or commercial Saturday dinner. "Oh! the charm of those quaint and comfortable hostels, when they have been simply maintained, neither restored nor yet allowed to go to decay; wayside pictures they!" Almost past count are these objects of Mr. Hissey's eloquence. We are agog for the start at the mere recital of such signs as the "White Hart" at Witham; the "Red Lion" at Colchester, which made the traveller regret his chance lodgment at the less picturesque "Cups"; the "Bell" at Thetford; that perfect flower of the family, the "Rose and Crown," at Sudbury; the "White Horse" at Ipswich, where Mr. Pickwick encountered the lady with "yellow curl-papers"; and the "Angel" at Bury, where Sam Weller was "took in" by Job Trotter, and relics of Mr. Pickwick are piously preserved. "Is this not the very hotel," asked Mr. Hissey of the landlord, in the bar of the ancient "Angel," "in which the famous Mr. Pickwick is supposed to have stayed?" "Supposed!" replied the landlord, indignantly; "this, sir, is the inn where he stopped. I've the very carving knife and fork that that gentleman used when he was here; ivory-mounted they are; they go with the hotel, and were handed to me when I took it." This agreeable story may be capped by another, which is less satisfactory to the romantic instinct of our traveller. In the chancel of Bramfield Church is an altar-tomb of "wonderful beauty and rare merit," as Mr. Hissey rightly observes, in pure white marble, the recumbent figures of a lady and infant, with knight in armour kneeling above them. The request for the true history of this beautiful sculpture drew from the guide a pathetic yet too brief narrative, which was transferred to the author's note-book on the spot:—"He went to the wars; she thought him dead; she fretted herself to death; he was not killed, but returned home to find his wife and baby (that she had given birth to in his absence) dead; he died of grief two years after." The susceptible tourist naturally wanted to know "who the 'he' was" in this tragic story—which survives, by the way, in many other places in England—but there was nothing to be learned except that "we allus calls him he."

Too often was the enthusiasm of Mr. Hissey damped by the stupidity or unseasonable humour of the "natives." At Reepham, while clerk-hunting for the church keys, the pertinacious visitor inquired for the clerk at one cottage, after many other ventures, and was told by a woman, "He don't live here; but I've the key of the Primitive Methodist Chapel, if you would like to look over that"—a pretty offer to make to a gentleman learned in archaic lore, church history, architecture, old monuments, haunted houses, moated granges, and "past-time inns"! "Past-time inns" is an excellent conceit, by the way, and better, far better, than "past-time mansions," of whose ghostly legends Mr. Hissey speaks with warm approval, as providing ghosts of the good old style, "none of your paltry invisible spectres that rap upon and turn tables for money." To a gentleman of such excellent sentiments, fresh from invoking ancient memories in abbeys and baronial halls of East Anglia, this invitation to view a P.M. chapel was the unkindest cut of all. On the whole, however, Mr. Hissey had the best of good fortune on his tour, and saw more venerable churches, inns, and halls, and copied more inscriptions than we can possibly enumerate. His enjoyment of what he saw is contagious. It is only natural to respond to the

* *A Tour in a Phaeton.* By James John Hissey. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

pleasurable emotions of a voyager so ingenuous and unconventional. Whether you are the stranger presumably addressed in the animated rhapsodies of Mr. Hissey, or whether you know the ground as well as he, the effect is all the same, as you accompany the genial chronicler in his journey from Layer Marney to Foulbourne, through Constable's county to Hadleigh, to Ipswich and Seckford Hall, over heaths in "windmill land" to Bungay, Beccles and Yarmouth to the "Broads," till you hail the North Sea at Cromer. With such smooth going and cheerful company we are almost persuaded to join "the driving schism," as Shelley did terms it, and take to the road, emulative of Mr. Hissey. It was not easy, perhaps, to cover a thousand miles, as that experienced driver did in Scotland, making an average of twenty miles a day and bring home your cobs sound and fresh enough to shay at the first London omnibus. It is hard to close this recreative volume with its attractive illustrations, and utter the protest it suggests. But, really, if Mr. Hissey will too successfully demonstrate the delights of his driving tour, he will bring about the innovations he most dreads. His example will be followed, till the roads are alive once more, and the air rings with the music of the horses. Then shall he see the monster he fearfully figures in imagination on the summit of the Laindon Hills, the enormous hotel with all the newest scientific improvements, and the delightful "past-time inns" on the roadside will be developed out of knowledge. We will not dwell on the appalling outlook. Let Mr. Hissey ponder, and in his topography particularize less in the future. Our appeal, we know, places him in an awkward dilemma. But he can still go on the road, and write his impressions, without luring the speculative builder or inciting any kind of wicked improvements, if he deals delicately with his favourite "beauty spots," and forbears now and then to give local habitation and name.

TWO RUSSIAN GRAMMARS.*

STUDENTS of the Russian language cannot now complain of any lack of facilities for acquiring it. Lately we had occasion to notice Mr. Morfill's excellent Russian Grammar; now we call attention to these two books, the one complementary to the other, which certainly seem to be fairly exhaustive of that language's structural peculiarities. The author's method combines the old-fashioned system of linguistic study, which was purely theoretical, with the more practical rules which Ollendorff has brought into vogue.

The close union of theory with practice; that is the principle worked out in these pages. Each book is subdivided into "lessons," which enunciate a rule of grammar and enforce it by adding a small stock of words, which the student is supposed to master, and then employ, by translating a short passage into English from the Russian and *vise versa*. To the smaller work are appended lists of useful words occurring in every-day life, and a few simple conversational phrases. Glancing at these one is struck with the similarity of some of the most simple words to our own, proving the common Aryan origin of the two speeches. Take, for instance, the section "Parts of the Body." *Bróvi*, the eyebrows; *stchéki*, the cheeks; *nos*, the nose; *baradá*, the beard; and *spiná*, the back, serve as hints that no philologist should be ignorant of Russian, which constitutes a bond of union between the other Aryan tongues.

The larger work is executed on a more ambitious scale, and endeavours are made to introduce the learner to Russian literature by means of extracts for translation taken from the best authors, with conversations on the same; while a running commentary in English is appended giving its history. Thence we come to the more practical sections, which profess to satisfy the wants of the traveller, the merchant, and the military or naval officer. These are unusually full and satisfactory, as is also that which deals with correspondence in Russian. A good point in the book is a chapter on "Roots," which shows how from one of these over a hundred words may be derived. When once a perception of this truth has dawned upon the mind, progress in learning Russian gains much in rapidity. Then only is it seen that there is a connexion between Russian and English, if different in degree, the same in kind, as that which unites the latter with the Teutonic languages.

There is but one part of the book which is meagre and unsatisfactory. The instructions regarding the position of the tonal accent and its shifting in declension are decidedly jejune. This is a common defect in Russian grammars, as we have before had occasion to point out. Some set of rules is wanted by which we can determine how such names, for example, as *Shovúin*, *Románoff*, and others which one hears almost daily mispronounced, are to be accented. We are aware that it is said to be impossible to frame them, but against this assumption we must earnestly protest. Reiff's Grammar, for one, contains an efficient code of instructions on the subject. It is exceedingly hard to master them, we admit, but the whole subject brings with difficulties. The question is whether a way exists, however troublesome, of surmounting them otherwise than by a prologue in Russia.

* *Elementary Russian Grammar.* By Pietro Motti. With 16 London: David Nutt. 1890.

Russian Conversation Grammar. By Pietro Motti. With 16 London: David Nutt. 1890.

A me afraid, and described as an Enc... but the A... It confesses with in the stretch of Nelson to the New Old? more super... give any name is in Inquiry, the Brit... one which inferiority limited us. But who... plate unless volumes o... without the care American and furth... into Amer... editors ha... up with p... Still, th... stand by claim, be... on America even in the Bucca... John Morl... of austere us is that the guy, thou... catingly... Church in... prised at t... after due column. discover o... they were... Still, we... They cont... which wo... Whoever... will find... what a W... pounde... the way, th... Mr. Gerald... enjoys seein... which is d... South Caro... Mass. Th... another. ... Of the two, completely... Colonel en... the intro... doing of th... had someth... sphere in w... with a se... opinion of the... can nation... wrought in... world, with... of another... the negro,... North, in... Carolina is... truth that... universal p... patible with... order, was... ver high-to... Again, the... we should... have dealin... logical arti... * *Encyclo... Literature, P... Americana, b... tion not con... to the "Enc... London: K...*

ENCYCLOPÆDIA AMERICANA.*

A N Encyclopædia which is issued "expressly as a Supplement" to another Encyclopædia must always be, we are afraid, an unsatisfactory kind of book. It might even be described as a contradiction in terms, as if a man should say, "This is an Encyclopædia which is not encyclopædical." If, like Appleton's, it was purely American, it might be complete in its own field; but the *Americana* is neither exhaustively nor purely American. It confessedly omits some American things which are fully dealt with in the *Britannica*, and it includes not little which by no stretch of language can be called American. What, for instance, had Nelson the surgeon or has Miss Amelia B. Edwards to do with the New World more than thousands who have lived or live in the Old? The notice of this amiable lady novelist appears the more superfluous because the *Americana* has not found space to give any notice of Jonathan Edwards. The younger of that name is indeed noticed; but the author of the "Careful and Strict Inquiry" is absent—perhaps because he has been mentioned in the *Britannica*. This is, of course, a reason of kind; but it is one which reduces the *Americana* to a lamentable position of inferiority. The fact is that these four volumes are of very limited use unless the *Britannica* is at hand to supply omissions. But who will want to possess an Encyclopædia which is incomplete unless its empty places can be filled from the score and odd volumes of another? We take it that the *Americana* was begun without (and naturally, perhaps, without) a due foresight of the care which the *Britannica* would take in dealing with American subjects in the middle and later part of its course, and further of the extent to which it would put those subjects into American hands with an eye to copyright. Hence the editors have found it necessary to skip a good deal, and make it up with padding.

Still, though we do not think that this Encyclopædia could stand by itself even for an American, it would, as its editors claim, be useful as a supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on American subjects. It is by no manner of means complete even in that respect. Thus we find no mention of Henry Morgan the Buccaneer, though there are ample notices of Mr. Henry and Mr. John Morley—much less amusing people. This may seem to persons of austere mind a small omission; but even they will agree with us that the absence of any notice of the Jesuit Missions of Paraguay, though there is an article on Missions mostly of an excruciatingly Protestant character, and another on the Roman Catholic Church in America, shows a want. But one ceases to be surprised at the omission when no article on Paraguay is discovered after due search, though "Parnell" is honoured in heading and column. Perhaps we have said enough to show that we cannot discover on what system these volumes were compiled, or whether they were built on any except one of a rather catchpenny order. Still, we repeat it, these volumes have good pickings in them. They contain for one thing papers on American political parties which would hardly be found in a European Encyclopedia. Whoever wishes to know what a Federal was, or a Democrat is, will find guidance here. The Englishman who wishes to know what a Whig became in the New World will have the truth expounded him by Mr. Frederick G. Mather, of Albany, N.Y. (By the way, there is no article on Cotton Mather, but there is one on Mr. Gerald Massey.) Then there are some subjects which one rather enjoys seeing handled by an American writer. Such are Slavery, which is dealt with by Mr. A. J. Willard, late Chief Justice of South Carolina, and Negro, which falls to Colonel G. W. Williams, Mass. These two articles, we may observe, tumble across one another. They are both accounts of negro slavery in America. Of the two, Colonel Williams is to be preferred, as being the more completely American. We notice with real pleasure that the Colonel endeavours in a quiet way to take it for granted that the introduction of negro slavery into America was all the doing of the abandoned Britisher—who, by the way, must have had something to do with introducing G. W. Williams to the sphere in which he writes articles in encyclopedias. He ends with a sentence on which we should like to hear the candid opinion of a Virginian or Georgian. "Within two centuries," it runs, "the black race will have merged into a composite American nationality, and the legends of its wrongs will have been wrought into a literature that will thrill the heart of the civilized world with passionate grief." We seem to have heard prophecies of another kind of late from Richmond, Va., where they know the negro, and like him better, too, than he is liked "at the North," in spite of rhetoric. The late Chief Justice of South Carolina is more sane on this theme, and has even an inkling of the truth that an institution which is of immense antiquity and of once universal prevalence, which has been found to be not only compatible with, but a means of producing, civilizations of a high order, was not a mere malignant invention of the Britisher to vex high-toned and whole-souled gentlemen from Massachusetts. Again, there are legal articles in these four volumes which ought, we should think, to be interesting both to business men who have dealings with America and to English lawyers. The theoretical articles, we notice, claim to be more orthodox than those of

the *Britannica*, and not less learned. That the boast is fully justified we will not undertake to say; but we do notice a commendable tendency to get impatient with the modern practice of cutting the Old Testament into patterns with one's critical scissors, and assigning the bits to various persons and times, at random, and by such illumination as is conferred by Renan and water.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. JULES BORELLI'S *Ethiopie Méridionale* (1) is one of those exceedingly handsome books of travel which are produced by the aid of "missions" from the French Government, and which it is to be hoped repay the French taxpayer for the outlay that directly or indirectly they cost him. The book would be more comfortable to read if it had been two moderate-sized octavos instead of one mighty quarto, and the plan of transcribing short journal entries for each day or most days, instead of fusing them into a connected narrative with the days left out, on which nothing worth speaking of happened, is far from succinct. It cannot be said that M. Borelli, though an ardent patriot, came to any very cheerful results in his more than three years' sojourn (1885 to 1888) in Southern Abyssinia and its adjacent countries. "Barren! barren! beggars all!" is, on the whole, his verdict. He fears that the much-prized French port of Obock will never be any good except as a coaling-station; he had come to the conclusion, even before King John died, and the Italians monopolized Menelik, that the King of Shoa did not want to have anything to do with the French. He was, and is, indeed, sure that fiendish arts were used by perfidious Albion to keep him out; whereas, on his own showing, English agents rather went out of their way to be kind to him. We should very much like to see what would have happened if an English authority at Aden had done to the cavasses (if that convenient term may be used) furnished to a French traveller what the French Commandant at Obock, by M. Borelli's account, did to similar officials furnished to M. Borelli by an English agent—had, that is to say, stripped them of their uniforms, and sent them back. The whole press of Paris would have been one geyser for a week at least. There are, however, two points in M. Borelli's book which deserve the most hearty and unstinted acknowledgment. The measurement and profiles of the ground traversed are of wonderful minuteness, and should be of great use to any one who wants a survey of this part of Africa. But they are surpassed in general interest by the extraordinary multitude of excellent engravings of anthropological types taken from photographs which must have been not less excellent. These range from the extremest negroid physiognomy to a most singular phase almost identical with the type familiar on Egyptian monuments, and no doubt Ethiopian in the proper sense. We do not remember to have ever seen a more remarkable collection.

M. Edouard Cadol has used for his *André Laroche* (2) the rather well-worn theme of a treacherous friend—or rather acquaintance—slaying, or attempting to slay, a confiding companion and usurping his identity. Of this, as of other "old tricks," it can be said that they are only "always good" when they are very distinctly and freshly handled, which is hardly the case here. The heroine is uninteresting, the hero something of a prig, and the villain, though better than the hero, not enticing. M. de Castillane's *Destruction* (3) is better conceived than executed, but here the theme is much fresher. The hero, Francis du Clauzel, has been brought up, if not in any strict morality, in the purest principles of monarchism and religion, by his uncle, a Vendean squire, and he is sent to his aunt at Paris to be "finished." He is finished, in more senses than one. He finds Royalists hobnobbing with Bonapartists and Boulangists (for, though the scene is laid ten years back, it is clear what the author is thinking of), priests coqueting with atheism, great artists making their art a matter of money, great men of letters turning everything into *blague*, and all worshipping the golden calf in its ugliest forms. He falls in love with an elderly married adventuress, gets his name put on the direction of bogus companies, and ends in a madhouse, his uncle having died, ruined and heart-broken, before him. The satire is severe and not unjust, but it is somewhat too heavy a weapon for M. de Castillane's arms.

In *Fleur de jade* (4), a collection of *nouvelles exotiques*, Mlle. Lydie Paschkoff takes us far afield. We begin by hearing how the Comte de Ville-Sombre, who served the Flowery Land because his country would not give him a king to serve, perished, with his dog of chase, Tom, and his beloved Flower of Jade, a Celestial damsel of high degree, in that singular bombardment of Foochow, which the French have persuaded themselves was heroic. We hear of Afghans, of Russians, of the rather dubious manners (we fear not inaccurately reported) of European colonies in the East, of divers others "exotic" things. The tales are nearly all well told, and the author appears to have a curious

(1) *Ethiopie Méridionale*. Par Jules Borelli. Paris: Quantin.

(2) *André Laroche*. Par E. Cadol. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Destruction*. Par le Marquis de Castillane. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Fleur de jade*. Par Lydie Paschkoff. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

cosmopolitan impartiality; for she gives, as far as we can make out, the *beau rôle* to no nation in particular. But the short story requires, even more than the long, a certain finishing touch of grace, a special point of interest, which Mlle. Paschkoff has not yet quite learnt to give.

M. Henri Gaullier's *Maud Dexter* was a rather clever story of American life, and of his *Daniel Cummings* (5) not much less may be said. M. Gaullier really knows his Yankees, though it may be observed that he is a praiser of times past in respect of them. His heroine, Ella, is exogamous, as becomes a damsel of her nation, but her successful lover, the Hungarian Attila Kirany, is better than at least some of his companions in fortune and fiction.

There are few novels published now in France of a quainter fashion and with a more distinct *goût du terroir* than M. Charles d'Héricault's (6). This great merit, and the other merit, that as all good Frenchmen should do, and as too few do, he hates the République, freethought, modernity, and all the other pestilent *blague* which makes his country the prey of puffed-offers and windbags and speculators, have not always been able to make up to us for some artistic deficiencies. These deficiencies, however, show very little, and the merits very well in *Le roman d'un propriétaire*, a really capital book of its kind.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE Art Ballad: Loewe and Schubert, by Albert B. Bach (Blackwood & Sons), is not merely fair to outward view, as many volumes be, but a book that treats of the neglected ballad compositions of Loewe—a subject extremely interesting to lovers of music and poetry—with considerable skill and the fervour that becomes a disciple and preacher. Mr. Bach is an enthusiast on the subject of Loewe's ballads. He declares that, whether as speaker, singer, or writer, he will not cease to work for him. Lecturing on the subject in Edinburgh, he did not omit to appeal to the gratitude and patriotism of his audience by reminding them of Loewe's admirable settings to old Scotch ballads. He is about to publish for English singers a selection from Loewe, and is determined to do all in his power to popularize the composer's name in the drawing-room and at concerts. We only trust he may be successful. If he can somewhat abate the rule of the fatuous drawing-room ballad of the day, and replace it by the ballads of Loewe, not forgetting the songs of Beethoven, Schubert, Reichardt, and other masters, he will have done much for art. At the moment we can recall one singer only—Mr. Henschel—who has attempted to introduce Loewe's name in London concert programmes. In this direction Mr. Bach may achieve much both by example and teaching. We do not for one moment believe that the average concert audience prefers the mere sing-song and twaddle of the popular ballad of the day to the lyrics of Schiller, Goethe, Uhland, Rückert, and other poets set to the music of Schubert or Loewe. To popularize such work, however, for home consumption is another matter. It requires an artist to interpret it. The accompaniment, too, is often exceedingly difficult, and even in concert-rooms the accompanist is frequently the least satisfactory of all the performers engaged. The average amateur cannot find a ballad too easy for his capacity; hence the popularity of the "drawing-room ballad." Even should musical education become much more sound and general than it now is, the obstacle would remain. Nothing short of a Heaven-sent increase and diffusion of musical gifts could make the art ballad, to use Mr. Bach's rather inexpressive term, as it is exemplified by Loewe's very dramatic setting of Herder's translation "Edward," or the "Erlking," or Freiligrath's "Moorish Prince," a pure, intelligible joy to the British drawing-room. Most people are of Goethe's mind as to the musical setting of lyrical poetry; he preferred Zelter's setting of his songs, because that composer put as little music to them as was possible. This style of simplicity was not Loewe's. His "Erlking," which Mr. Bach ranks above Schubert's, is certainly what most singers would call "trying." Not the least striking of the "musical illustrations" cited in Mr. Bach's study of Loewe's life and writings are those from "Der Fischer," which reveal very effectively the different styles of the two composers. Mr. Bach is of the Wagnerian persuasion. He prefers Loewe's more elaborate and "modern" treatment of Goethe's ballad to Schubert's exquisite and essentially lyrical setting. Schubert's is "a charming song, but no ballad," he remarks, and is "based on the simplest principle of song-form." Yet, surely, that principle is best suited to a simple and primitive poetic form like the ballad. Despite, however, a little excess of zeal in the cause, Mr. Bach's book should do much to enlighten and interest the musical, and may, we trust, remedy the present neglect of Loewe's ballads.

From the explorer's point of view, books of travel speedily become ancient in these days, yet with the change they assume, if good to read at all, a fresh attraction to all who like such books, be they as old as Mandeville. He is sincerely to be pitied who cannot enjoy voyaging again, and yet again, with Bruce, or Mungo Park, or Dr. Shaw, through a continent that is fast losing its

(5) *Daniel Cummings*. Par H. Gaullier. Paris: Plon.

(6) *Le roman d'un propriétaire*. Par Ch. d'Héricault. Paris: Perrin.

mysterious darkness. Like those odd pictorial maps of old geographers, such books acquire mellowness without losing their original strangeness, and are good to take up with again after the last new thing in discovery. Of these must be accounted Dr. Barth's *Travels in Northern and Central Africa* (Ward, Lock & Co.), a reprint of one half of which is added to the "Mines Library." Three-and-thirty years is no great age, perhaps, yet it invests a book of travel with a respectable antiquity. Barth's journey through Tripoli to Central Africa is full of instruction and entertainment. He had a fine feeling for the remote, the unknown, the mysterious. He visited places as strange as *Mecca*, "deep in the wilderness of woe"; the kingdoms of *Bornu*, *Faria*, "the home of the Berbers," and a hundred other attractive lands. Altogether, his is one of the most inspiring of records.

Great African Travellers (Routledge) is a compilation by W. H. G. Kingston and C. R. Low, who have drawn upon the works of Bruce, Mungo Park, Barth, Denham and Clapperton, Captain Burton, Speke and Grant, Livingstone, and Mr. H. M. Stanley. A portrait of "the greatest of African travellers" serves as frontispiece, and numerous woodcuts adorn the volume. On the gorgeous cover the greatest of African travellers is again depicted, with a spy-glass, on a peak overlooking Lake Victoria, Albert Nyanza.

Passion the Plaything, by R. Murray Gilchrist (Heinemann), is a romance written in the most tropical style conceivable. The heroine has two lovers, the one poor and a poet whom she loves and rejects in favour of his rich and landed rival. The poet has presented her with his dead mother's jewels. She is described seated in her luxurious country house, weeping bitterly as she swings a necklace of amethysts between herself and the poet until "the gems scintillated so that they soon dried her tears with their concentrated glitter." But here was not the common example of jewels the consolation of fair ladies. There is a touching meeting between the faithless creature and her first love, the result of which is that she commits suicide in circumstances of the most romantic and imposing kind. Despite its extravagance the story is not wanting in imaginative power.

Mr. Seyton Crowe's *Nemesis* (Eden, Remington, & Co.) is with a theme that requires imaginative treatment and fails entirely for the want of it. Only an Elizabethan drama could be expected to dignify and make sweet and wholesome the subject of Mr. Crowe's "moral story." As it is, Mr. Crowe succeeds in writing a vulgar, repulsive, and incredible tale that purports to be modern life.

City and Suburban, by Florence Warden (White & Co.), is not a bad specimen of current shilling sensational fiction. It is one point, however, connected with a marvellous wine-cellars, the scene of a well-devised mystery, which rather tries the credulity. It cannot be believed that the owner of a sumptuous cellar of the choicest wines should forget and abandon them to the next tenant of the house.

Among the contents—good and varied, as usual—of the new part of *Travel, Adventure, and Sport*, from Blackwood, is Colonel Henry Smith's pleasant "Reminiscences of a Ram-sin Forest," appropriate to the season, and the anonymous and curious recollections of travel in China entitled "Six Weeks in Tower."

A light descriptive hand and some shrewd touches of character are revealed in a series of sketches, *My Curates*, by a Recruit (Skeffington & Son).

The new volume of the "Camelot" series is a newly revised reprint of Chase's translation of the *Ethics of Aristotle* (Walke Scott), with G. H. Lewes's essay by way of introduction.

Mr. F. C. Burnand's *Rather at Sea* (Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.) is a reprint from *Punch*, with the original illustrations, of the Board the *Araminta*, and other "holiday cruises" and yachting logs, now congenitally combined in a handsome volume.

The continued popularity of lawn-tennis is well illustrated in the current issue, the eighth "annual" of *The Field Tennis Calendar*, edited by B. C. Eveleigh (Horace Cox).

Among new editions we have received *The Civil Service History of England*, by F. A. White, revised and enlarged by H. A. Dobson (Crosby Lockwood & Co.); *The Squatter's Dream*, by Rolf Boldrewood (Macmillan & Co.); *A York and a Lancashire Rose*, by Annie Keary (Macmillan & Co.); and *The Sin of Abel Aveling*, by Maarten Maartens (Eden, Remington, & Co.).

We have also received *Oxford and Modern Medicine*, a lecture to Dr. James Andrew by Sir H. W. Acland (Frowde); *Calendar for the Session 1890-91* of University College, Liverpool (Arrowsmith); *Brief Sketches of C.M.S. Missions*, by East Headland, Part I. (Nisbet & Co.); *Paul and Virginia*, "Bulwer's Pocket Library" edition; *The Stockbroker's Handbook* by E. E. Kennedy, fourth edition (Effingham Wilson); *Edmund Owen's "Lettoman Lectures," 1890*, Selected & Adapted in connection with the *Surgery of Infancy and Childhood* (Ballière, Tindall, & Cox); *Problems of Life*, by A. Winter (Hodder & Stoughton); *The Electrical Engineers' Pocket-Book*, by H. R. Kemp, an illustrated handbook of formulae, tables, technical terms, &c., &c., other useful information (Crosby Lockwood & Co.); *A Practical Book-Keeping*, by J. Thornton (Macmillan & Co.); *The Modern Cambist*, a manual of foreign exchanges, &c., by Hermann Schmidt, twenty-second edition (Effingham Wilson); *Universal Extension: Has it a Future?* by Messrs. H. J. Mackinder and Michael E. Sadler (Frowde); *Mr. E. Stanford's Catalogue of Naval and Military Books*, and *The Statistical Year-Book of Canada for 1889* (Ottawa: Chamberlin).

Our attention has been called to the fact that there is an index in Bemrose's *Paris Guide*, noticed last week in the *Saturday Review*. It was overlooked owing to its unusual position—at the beginning instead of the end of the book.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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The Saturday Review.

[August 23, 1890]

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THE GALLERIES will be CLOSED on the EVENINGS of Monday, August 25, to Thursday, September 4, inclusive.
British Museum, August 19, 1890.

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The NEXT SESSION COMMENCES on Tuesday, September 26, 1890.

A Syllabus, containing full information as to the various Courses of Instruction, lecture days and hours, fees, scholarships, &c., is published by Messrs. CORNISH, New Street, Birmingham, price 6d.; by post, 8d.

Further particulars may be obtained on application to the SECRETARY, at the College.

R. S. HEATH, Principal.
GEO. H. MORLEY, Secretary.

HEIDELBERG COLLEGE, HEIDELBERG.

PREPARATION for all EXAMINATIONS as well as for COMMERCIAL LIFE.

Lates Success:

INDIA CIVIL SERVICE, JULY 1890.

A. M. BRIGSTOCKE, PASSED 6th 1,971 marks.
Such a success has never yet been obtained by any other English School on the Continent. For particulars apply to W. LAWRENCE, M.A., Oakley Lodge, Fulham, S.W.

THE COLONIAL COLLEGE and TRAINING

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The College owns and farms a fine Seaside Estate of 1,330 acres.

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Prospectus, with particulars of Farm and Dairy, Courses of Instruction, Scholarships, Diplomas, &c., apply to the PRINCIPAL.

THE SESSION will begin TUESDAY, October 7, 1890.

OUNDLE SCHOOL, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

NEXT TERM begins September 19. An Examination for several Scholarships will be held on December 16, 17, and 18, 1890.—For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY.

CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY'S SCHOOL of PRACTICAL ENGINEERING.

The NEXT TERM opens on Monday, September 8.

I. MECHANICAL COURSE. II. CIVIL ENGINEERING DIVISION.

III. COLONIAL SECTION.

Special Departments for Electrical, Marine, &c.

Prospectus of the undersigned, in the Library, Crystal Palace.

F. K. J. SHENTON, F.R.Hist.S.

Superintendent Educational Department.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, HYDE PARK CORNER, S.W.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on Wednesday, October 1, when an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be delivered by Mr. AUGUSTUS WINTERBOTHAM, at 4 P.M.

The following ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS will be offered for competition in October:—

1. A SCHOLARSHIP, value £125, for the sons of Medical men who have entered the School as bona fide first-year students during the current year.

2. TWO SCHOLARSHIPS, each of £50, open to all students commencing their studies.

3. A SCHOLARSHIP, value £90, open to all students who have entered the school during the current year, and have passed the Cambridge 1st M.B. since October 1889.

4. A SCHOLARSHIP, value £50, for students who, having been signed up for or previously passed the Oxford 1st M.B. or the Cambridge 2nd M.B., have entered the School during the current year.

The following Exhibitions and Prizes are also open to students:—

The Williams Brown £100 Exhibition; the William Brown £50 Exhibition; the Brackenbury Prize in Medicine, value £32; the Brackenbury Prize in Surgery, value £33; the Pollock Prize in Physiology, value £18; the Johnson Prize in Anatomy, value £10 10s.; the Treasurer's Prize, value £10 10s.; General Proficiency Prizes for first, second, and third year students, of £1 10s. each; the Bland Prize in Surgery; the Acland Prize in Medicine; the Thompson Medal, and Sir Charles Clarke's Prize.

All Hospital appointments, including the two House Physicianships and two House Surgeonships, are awarded as the result of competition, and are open to the students without additional expense of any kind.

Clerkships and Dresserships, and all the minor appointments, are given without extra fees. Several paid appointments, including that of Obstetric Assistant, with a salary of £100 and board and lodging, are awarded yearly upon the recommendation of the Medical School Committee.

Prospectuses and fuller details may be obtained by application to

THOMAS WHIPHAM, M.D., Dean.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on Wednesday, October 1.

The Hospital, which is the largest general Hospital in the kingdom, contains beds, all in constant use. There are wards for Accidents, Surgical and Medical cases, Diseases of the Ear, Throat, Skin and Teeth, and for Cancer, Tumours, Diseases of the Bladder, &c. Patients. Number of in-patients last year, 9,162; out-patients, 109,383; accidents, 1,600.

Surgeons daily.

APPOINTMENTS.—Resident Accoucheur, House Physician, House Surgeon, &c., for these appointments are made annually. Numerous Dressers, Clinical Clerks, Post-Clerks, and Maternity Assistants are appointed every three months. All appointments are free. Holders of resident appointments are also provided free board.

Two Entrance Science Scholarships, value £75 and £50, and two Burson Scholarships, value £30 and £20, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new Students. Sixteen other Scholarships and Prizes are given annually.

The London Hospital is now in direct communication with all parts of the Network. The Metropolitan District, and other Railways have stations within a minute's walk of the Hospital.

For further information apply personally, or by letter, to

Mile End, E.

MUNRO SCOTT, M.D.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.

ALBERT EMBANKMENT, LONDON, S.E.

The WINTER SESSION of 1890-91 will commence on Wednesday, October 1, when the Prizes will be paid at 12.30 P.M. by Sir FRANCIS DUNLOP, Bart., M.A.

TWO ENTRANCE SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS of £15 minimum and £10 maximum, open to all first-year Students, will be offered for competition. The Examination will be held on September 26, 27, and 28, and the subjects will be Chemistry and Physics, or either Physiology, Botany, or Zoology, at the option of Candidates.

Scholarships and Money Prizes of considerable value are awarded at the Sessional Examinations, as also several Medals.

Special Classes are held throughout the year for the "PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC" and "INTERMEDIATE M.B." Examinations of the UNIVERSITY of LONDON.

All Hospital Appointments are open to Students without charge.

The fees may be paid in one sum, or by instalments. Private practice may be made separately to the Hospital Practitioners, and special arrangements are made for Students to practise in private houses during subsequent years; also for Dental Students and for Quacks.

A Register of approved Lodgings is kept by the Medical Secretary, who also has a local Medical Practitioners, Clergymen, and others who receive students into their houses.

Prospectuses and all particulars may be obtained from the Medical Secretary, Mr. GARNET RENDLE.

E. NETTLESHIP, D.M.

G. H. MAKINS, F.R.C.S.

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.

CAXTON STREET, S.W.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on October 1st. Introductory Address by T. COLCOTT FOX, at 1 P.M., followed by Distribution of Prizes.

TWO ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value £80 and £40, and one of £30 to Dental Students. Students of Examination, September 23 and 24.

There are also numerous Prizes.

FEES—100 guineas in one sum, or £10 in two payments, or £10 in instalments. Special fees for partial and Dental Students.

The Hospital has a service of over 200 beds, and the usual special departments.

Prospectus and all information on application to

W. H. ALLCHIN, M.B.B.S.

COLSTON'S GIRLS' DAY SCHOOL, BRISTOL.—A HEAD-MISTRESS is required for this ENDOWED SCHOOL (intended for Girls of the Middle Class) to open in January, 1891. Suitable applicants will be held in reserve or October. Minimum Salary £200, rising from twenty-five to thirty-five. No residence is required. For further particulars, apply to GEORGE H. POPE, Merchants' Hall, Bristol.

WOOLWICH ACADEMY.—The following are some of the successes at Woolwich obtained by Pupils direct from DOVER COLLEGE:

December 1886.....	(G. W. Palmer.....	1st.
	J. H. P. Mayes.....	2nd.
	A. H. Garter.....	3rd.
December 1887.....	A. J. O'Brien.....	14th.
	W. H. Adeock.....	34th.
December 1889.....	R. S. J. Gillespie.....	5th.
June 1890.....	H. W. Winslow.....	5th.
	C. B. Harvey.....	17th.

INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE—NEW REGULATIONS.

Age-limit, 21-23. UNIVERSITY MEN and others PREPARED at Garrison Chapel 117 Pupils (one-fourth of those sent up) hitherto successful for India C.S. Pastoral Classes, &c., of Mr. W. BAPTIST SOOCES, 19 Garrison Street, London.

INDIA and HOME CIVIL SERVICES, ARMY, CEYLON CADETSHIPS, STUDENT INTERPRETERS.

Five times first place two hon. Dr. KLEIN, M.A., and Mr. ROBERTS, M.A., with high-class Tutors, prepare PUPILS for these and other Exams. Over 600 successes.—THE CIVIL SERVICE INSTITUTE, 98 Regent Street, W.

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FRANCIS INCE.

HUGH ERAT. HARRISON, B.Sc. A.M. I.C.E., Principal.

The NEXT SESSION will commence on Wednesday, September 17. The Institution is affiliated with some of the largest Electricity Supply Companies, into whose works the Students are drafted.

Application should be made to the Secretary, P. A. LATHAM, M.A., 15 St. Helen's E.C.

BERLIN.—Miss W. ST. AUBYN, now in England, offers great advantages to YOUNG LADIES studying Languages, Music, Painting, &c., Life, English; teaching, German. Reference to the Rev. R. B. Earle, late British Chaplain in Berlin. For terms, testimonials, &c., Bearwood, Wokingham, Berkshire.

PRÉ SCILLA, LAUSANNE.—Miss WILLS, late Home-Mistress of the Norwich High School, has a very comfortable EDUCATIONAL HOME for ELDER GIRLS. Garden and full-sized Tennis-court. Address Miss WILLS, 17 Leinster Square, Bayswater, W., from August 12 to September 6.

WINDLESHAM HOUSE, BRIGHTON.—A NEW WING.

will be opened in September for BOYS aged Six to Ten.—Head-Master, C. MALDEN, M.A.

MALVERN.—PARENTS are requested to write for Prospects, to the Rev. Dr. WALKER before deciding upon a SCHOOL for their SONS. Young Boys are carefully prepared for the Public Schools and Examinations, and are excellent buildings, best site in Malvern. Cricket, football, ginnastics, swimming.

PIXHOLME, DORKING.—PREPARATORY SCHOOL for BOYS.

The AUTUMN TERM will begin on September 20. Inclusive fee of £100 Guinea a year, according to age. There is a fitted gymnasium in the house. Miss BRAHAM, assisted by a resident Oxford Graduate and other Teachers, is permitted to Rev. J. F. E. Fanling, M.A., King's College, Cambridge.

STAMMERERS should read a book by a gentleman who cured himself after suffering nearly forty years. Price 13 Stamps.—R. BEASLEY, Romsey Park, near Huntingdon.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL, Strand, W.C.—The COUNCIL earnestly appeal for DONATIONS and ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS £200 required for new Nursing Establishment, enlargement of Medical Staff, Nurses' Home, and current expenses. Bankers: Messrs. Drummond.

ARTHUR E. READE, Secretary.

ILFRACOMBE.—ILFRACOMBE HOTEL.

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